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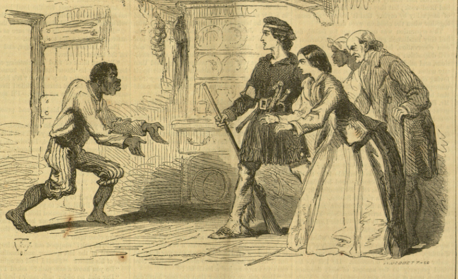
THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.



THE ARRIVAL OF JOCKO.

CHAPTER I.

THE ALARM!

We open our story in the summer time of 1777. The din of war was sounding through the land. The British held the city of New York; but the main army of the enemy, under Gen. Howe, was in New Jersey, pushing its way towards Philadelphia; while Washington, with his Patriot troops, followed close by, ready to give battle on the first opportunity. A strong British force held Rhode Island, thus commanding all that coast, and opening a long line of excellent harbors to their cruisers and transports. From the North, with an English army of seven thousand men, came General Burgoyne, sweeping Lakes Champlain and George, and then turning into the Valley of the Upper Hudson, where his army was daily augmented by swarms of Tories and savage Indians. The meaning of this movement was, for Burgoyne to march on to Albany, and join the forces of Howe in New York, thus cutting off all communication between the Patriots of New England and the rest of the States.

Could this have been done, the result would in all probability have been fatal to American Independence; but his Lieutenant Generalship of the Invading Army of the North found Yankee obstacles in his way which he and his superiors had not counted upon.

While at St. Johns, at the foot of Lake Champlain, Burgoyne sent Lieutenant Colonel St. Ledger, with a detachment of seven hundred Rangers, up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, to Oswego; from thence to penetrate the Valley of the Mohawk, and capture the forts, and lay waste the Patriot homes and fields of all that section. He was to call all the Tories to his ranks; conciliate the Indians, and bring them into his service; and then make a clean sweep to the Hudson.

The American army of the North, organized to oppose Burgoyne, was first under General Philip Schuyler, and then under General Horatio Gates.

Thus stood affairs at the time of which we write.

It was towards the close of a pleasant day—the first of August—that four persons stood in front of a small cot close by the right bank of the Mohawk, and some three miles above Fort Schuyler.* It was in the midst of a beautiful clearing, upon a gentle rise of ground, and away to the northward and westward stretched broad meadows, waving with tall grass and golden grain. It was one of the most valuable possessions in the whole valley, and Walter Lancey, when he came there and settled, fondly believed that he had found a home for life.

Walter Lancey was only sixty-four, but a chronic rheumatism had bent his body out of shape somewhat, and he appeared much older. His head was bald upon the top, and the bold, frank features of his face bespoke the man of generous impulses; of stern integrity; of noble heart; and of enlarged sympathies.

His son Philip stood close by him—a youth of two-and-twenty; tall and straight; firmly and stoutly built; his muscles amply developed by the half-wild life he had led in the forest; and his face looking just as we might suppose his father's looked at that age. At all events, he possessed all his father's virtues, without one fault which his best friends could single out. He was habited in a hunting-shirt of green velvet, secured at the waist by a belt which confined two pistols and a heavy hunting-knife, together with a short ax; leggins of richly dressed buckskin; moccasins of the same; while upon his head he wore a cap of light blue velvet, from which depended a golden tassel. He leaned upon a rifle of massive proportions and of exquisite workmanship.

Near to Philip, but still nearer to his father, stood a maiden of eighteen summers, whose form was as light and graceful as that of the goddess queen, and whose face was as beautiful as love could hope or desire. Her name was Isabel Carlton. She was an orphan, and Walter Lancey was her guardian. The fourth in the group was a negro woman named Phillis—a jetty-black, good-humored, faithful creature, belonging to Isabel, having been left to her by her father. She was somewhere between forty and fifty, and though as unlettered as a mid-forest savage, yet she possessed a vast amount of native wit, and her advice was sometimes worth seeking.

The sun was near the tops of the western trees, and as the golden beams fell upon the faces of our friends, they revealed expressions of deep and painful anxiety. For some moments not a word had been spoken, but all eyes were turned in the direction of an opening in the forest to the westward.

"Hark!" suddenly uttered Philip, stooping as he spoke, and bending his ear to the ground.

The other three watched him with intense interest, for they knew that his judgment was sure. He remained with his ear to the greensward for some moments, and finally leaped to his feet.

"They are coming!" he cried, throwing his rifle upon his left arm, and brushing the dirt from his knee.

"De Injins!" shrieked Phillis, at which Isabel trembled.

"No, no," quickly returned the youth. "They are not Indians. They are our own people."

"Are you sure, my son?" asked the old man.

"Yes, father. I heard the pattering of little feet——"

But there was no need of saying more, for at this moment a score, or more, of human forms appeared in the opening before alluded to. There were women and children in front, and ere many moments the men came in sight bringing up the rear. The women, such as did not carry children, were laden with clothing and bedding, while the boys and men brought farming implements and provisions. In a short time a drove of cattle made their appearance, followed by half-a-dozen stout boys.

"How now, Wilder?" cried Philip, as one of the men approached.

"The British—the Hessians—the Tories—the Injuns—all comin'!" gasped the man, throwing down a sack of grain as he spoke.

"The British coming?"

"Yes!—Almost here now! More'n ten thousand on 'em! All come up the lake this mornin'! By the mitey, Mr. Lancey, but you'd better be a-movin' your traps."

Philip knew that from this man he could gain nothing reliable, so he waited till the others came up. Wilder led his party by several rods, he having a natural instinct of getting as far from danger as possible.

But pretty soon the women and children came up, and immediately the men of the party followed. Philip saw a young man close by in whose judgment he knew he could confide, and to his side he at once hastened.

"Ah, Mr. Lancey," said the youth, who supported an infirm, sickly mother, "this wont do for you. You must be on the move at once."

"So I have supposed," returned Philip. "But tell me, James, what has happened. Let me know just what you have learned."

"Well, sir," resumed the new-comer, seating his mother upon a log, "just this has happened: St. Ledger came up the lake to-day with seven hundred of the British Rangers; and with him are those infernal Tories, Johnson, Claus, and Butler, with their reprobate followers, and the Mohawk Chief, Brant, with his savage scalpers. The Tories and Indians number all of one thousand, so that an army of seventeen hundred men is coming against us!"

"Are you sure of all this?" asked Philip, with much concern.

"Yes, sir. A friendly Oneida chief came and gave us the word of warning. He had been with them, and knew their force and their plans."

"And their plans, James,—do you know them?"

"Yes. First to destroy every Patriot homestead in their way until they reach Fort Schuyler; then they mean to take that and hold it; and then sweep on, butchering, and burning, and laying waste, clear through the valley of the Mohawk. St. Ledger is to meet Burgoyne at Albany."

"They may not come this way," said Philip, half to himself. "Our place is some miles out of their way. They will land at the old fort?"

"Of course."

"Then if they move on direct for Fort Schuyler they may not come here." Lancey spoke more in the tone of one who expresses a wish than as one who tells what he believes, or even hopes.

"Of that you must judge for yourself," returned James, with a dubious smile. "I can only tell you what I have heard. The Tories and Indians will perform the side work, such as devastating settlements that lie out of their direct path; and you can best tell whether any of them are aware of the whereabouts of the old Rebel Lancey and his son."

Philip started as these words fell upon his ear, for a thought as terrible as it was sudden came to his mind.

"Did you say Johnson was with St. Ledger?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"Sir John."

"Did you see him?"

"No. I havn't seen any of the enemy. I only know what the friendly Oneida told us."

Philip turned quickly to his father, and the expression of his face plainly showed that he held a fear of more than ordinary moment.

"Father," he whispered, "Sir John Johnson is with the enemy, and he leads a large band of Tories. Of course, Bradbrook is with him—both the old man and Guy."

Walter Lancey gazed into his son's face, but he made no immediate reply, and the youth continued:

"They will turn their steps this way at once."

"Would Sir John harm me?" asked the old man, tremulously.

"Would he?" returned Philip, bitterly: "Do you not know him?—Would he harm you? Aye, he would plunge a knife to your heart, even now! What are the friendships of other days in times like these! The Johnsons, the Butlers, and their immediate friends are the most bloodthirsty and unscrupulous of all the men in our land. Are not their deeds still alive in the memory of our babes, even? Think not of the past. Think only of the present and of the future. I tell you that Johnson and Bradbrook would either of them slay us all in our house, and then sing the song of praise over our fall! Have they not sworn to blot out from the face of the country every Patriot who breathes upon it? As true as God lives, we have our lives in our own hands only so long as we keep clear of those men. We must flee at once! 'Tis our only hope!"

"Leave our home!" murmured the old man: "Oh, they cannot harm me!"

"Do you know Nathan Bradbrook? Do you suppose his will towards us is the wish of one who wishes us well?"

At this moment a cry broke from the lips of the young man who had given Philip his information.

"Look!" he said, pointing to the westward.

Both Philip and his father looked; and they saw a column of blue smoke curling up over the distant tree-tops. It swelled and grew, and turned to a darker hue, until great cinders could be seen floating in the air.

"'Tis Norton's house!" cried Philip.

"Aye," returned a middle-aged man, who had come up from the party at the foot of the eminence, "it's my house!" He led a child by the hand—a boy of some six years; and as he stood and gazed upon the smoke, which he knew was ascending from the ruins of his home, his feelings overpowered him, and he burst into tears.

"What have I done!" he murmured. "Oh! why need they ruin our houses and our growing crops!"

"You have dared to love Liberty better than oppression!" pronounced Philip Lancey, with a kindling eye. "But this wont answer for us. We must flee now, but it shall not be always so. No, no,—as sure as God is just, just so sure shall the time come when they shall flee! But come, father, we must hurry."

At this juncture Isabel approached Philip's side. She placed her small hand upon his arm, and gazed up into his face.

"Tell me all," she whispered—"tell me all you have learned."

"I will," the youth replied, taking the fair hand within his own. "St. Ledger is coming with seven hundred of his rangers, and with him are the Indian chief, Brant; the wicked Claus; Guy, and Sir John Johnson. With these two brothers, Guy and John, are all the Tories of their neighborhood!"

"Is *he* with them?" the maiden asked, in a frightened tone.

"Do you mean Guy Bradbrook, or his father?"

"Both—either."

"They are both with them, of course."

Isabel trembled violently; but in a few moments she composed herself sufficiently to say—

"We must flee, then?"

"Yes, Isabel," answered Philip; and then, while a shade of painful doubt swept across his handsome face, he added: "I wish you to speak plainly—tell me truly—will you place yourself under my care—for the present, I mean—to lead you clear of coming dangers?"

The maiden put forth both her hands. She raised her eyes to the youth's face—her lips trembled—and in a hushed whisper she said:

"In this hour I can look to no one else. Philip—oh! God have mercy on me!——*Save me!*"

"I will—while life lasts. Hurry, now. Take everything of value you can carry. We must to the fort at once."

Isabel Carlton cast one grateful look into the young man's face, and then hastened away. Philip watched her until she had disappeared within the cot, and then, dashing a tear from his cheek, he hastened forward, and led his father from the spot.

The party which had made its appearance was already on the move again, with Wilder well in advance, and they were soon lost to sight amid the wood at the foot of the hill.

It required some time for Philip to arrange all matters to his satisfaction, but it was done before dark. Old Phillis had worked hard, and got all Isabel's things together, and Philip had gathered up such articles of food and clothing as he could carry. They had but one horse, and the cattle had been driven off on the day before.

One thing troubled the young man very much. He had asked, "Where is Jocko?" full twenty times, but no Jocko could be found. He was Philip's negro boy. Everybody in that section knew Jocko, and Jocko knew everybody.

"Where *can* he have gone to?" muttered Philip, impatiently. "It is too bad! The scoundrel! Let me catch him!"

"It can't be that he has fled from danger, can it?" suggested Isabel.

"I never mistrusted that he had such a weakness," returned the youth. "Jocko isn't a coward. Yet he may have run away from fear of being taken by the Indians."

"Now dat ar' aint at all likely," interposed Phillis, energetically. "I don't b'lebe Jocko ebber 'fraid ob de Injuns. He's been an' gone to did sum'f'n, now you may be sartin."

"Still he should be here at such a time," Philip resumed, nervously. "I need him at this moment more than he is worth."

Phillis saw that Mas'r Philip was not very good-natured under the disappointment, so she changed her key-note somewhat.

"It mus' be dreffúl agwerwatin'; de wicked boy ort 'r know'd better. But he's a dreffúl good boy, Mas'r Philip."

The young man knew that, for in a hundred ways had he received pledges of Jocko's faithfulness and affection.

While the people had been thus conversing within the cot, a curious looking specimen of humanity had been making his way rapidly up from the opening in the woods. It was a negro, black as ink, and somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty years old. When he stood erect he was of medium height, though that was something he seldom did. He looked far more like a huge ape than like a man. His body—the trunk of it—seemed all forced up into his shoulders, which were broad and square, and humped upon the back. His head, which was of massive proportions, set forward, the neck forming a usual angle of nearly forty-five degrees with the rest of the spinal cord. The legs and arms were beyond all human likeness in length and muscular development. As he stood in his usual, stooping position, his fingers' ends came to within a very few inches of the ground, and as he ran up the hill he would ever and anon skip along upon "all fours," like a beast. The peculiar rolling up of his body rendered this mode of travel quite easy. In feature this strange creature was not unlike others of his race. He had a kind, generous look, though the predominating expression—that which overshadowed all others—was one of deep, effective cunning. It shone out in his great brown eyes, and in his low, calculating forehead, with its projecting brows; and in the quiet, lurking smile that almost always lay about in the wrinkles of the face.

This specimen of the *genus homo* made his way direct to the cot, and bounded into the kitchen just as Philip had turned away.

"Ha! how now, Jocko?" cried the young man, as the negro-ape stood before him, speaking in a sharp tone——

"Jes' two words, Mas'r Philip," returned the negro, without stopping for the other to finish. "INJUN—TORY! Dat ar' Injun tiger, Brant, wid him host ob scalpers, am a comin' ober de hill by de oak clearin', an' Guy Johnson an' Guy Bradbrook, wid two companies ob Tories, am a comin' round by de ole mill. Dey is to meet here. Dey tinks you no get um news ob dar comin'. So now 'f 'u is all packed up, you'd better jus' foller me."

"How do you know all this?" asked Philip, in alarm.

"I heer'd it all from de lips ob Guy Bradbrook an' Brant 'umselves. But don't stop now. I tell ye I've been right in amongst 'um, an' dey is a comin' up here jus' as quick as dey kin. Guy Bradbrook hoped to cut ye off 'tween here an' de fort."

Isabel uttered a low cry of anguish, and caught Philip by the arm.

"Save yourselves, Philip," she cried. Save your father and yourself, and let me——"

"Hold, Isabel," uttered the youth, while his eye flashed and his bosom swelled; "my father bids me save you. At present he has the right. While I live, they shall not tear you from those who should guard you. So prepare at once. Hurry, now, for there may be no time to lose."

Jocko brought the horse, all saddled and bridled, and Walter Lancey was assisted to mount, and then Isabel was seated behind him. Phillis took her young mistress's clothes and a few blankets, while Philip and Jocko took such articles of provision as they could handily carry.

The sun was just sinking below the distant tree-tops as the little party were collected in front of the cot, all ready for departure. It was a hard moment, but that was not the time for reflections or vain regrets. The old man cast one look o'er his broad fields—he saw the noble grain waving in the dim light—and he thought that, on the morrow, where now the genius of Plenty smiled, the fiend of Devastation would stalk abroad with fire and ruin! He wiped a tear from his eye, and then gathered up the reins which had been resigned to his charge.

"Can we not hurry on and overtake the rest?" asked Walter Lancey.

"Obertake 'um!" repeated Jocko. "Didn't I tell ye 'at a band ob howlin', murderin' Tories was a comin' dat ar way? Jus' say when you're ready, an' den foller me."

Philip knew that his boy would not be thus prompt in his assertions if he were not sure, so he resolved to be guided by him entirely. He knew, and he shuddered till his heart ached most painfully as he thought of it, how great was the desire of Guy Bradbrook to cut him off from the fort, or, at least, to gain possession of the dearest treasure under his charge! He raised his rifle to his shoulder with a firm movement, and having seen that no arms or ammunition were left behind, he gave Jocko the signal for starting.

We shall not wonder that even Philip Lancey had some pangs of fear working about his heart when we remember that the enemy which surrounded them never spared their victims! The Indians scalped when they could conquer; and even the white Tories—but, oh! with how black hearts!—were not above following their example! In a pitched battle between large bodies it was different; but all families and small parties of Patriots, cut off in the forest or in their retreat from danger, were pretty sure to be butchered on the spot!

Jocko led the way down the declivity in a southern direction, and entered the woods by a narrow path, where he had hauled out logs during the previous winter. They had gone some quarter of a mile on this path, when they were startled by a low cry not far in advance. It was the signal-call of an Indian!

"You've made a mistake, Jocko," whispered Philip.

"No, no, mas'r. Dey'll come jus' as I tole ye, but dese yer must be scouts out around smellin' about. —sh! Into de bushes!—Hide!—quick!"

As the negro thus spoke, he tore away a thick mass of low oak bough with one hand, and with the other he turned the horse's head in, and urged him on, till he was beyond sight with his precious burden.

"Hi! Dey's a comin'!" the fellow whispered. "Go in, mas'r. Go in. I'll fix 'um."

It was dark in the deep wood now, though Jocko could see a good distance from him yet. The tramp of Indians was plainly heard, and ever and anon their low signal-call, deep and gutteral, broke upon the air. In a moment more there was a different step heard—a quick bounding over the brushwood—and the sharp scent-cry of a dog broke upon the ears of the fugitives.

"It is a hound!" whispered Philip.

"Yar, an' it's Guy Bradbrook's hound. I seed 'um wid de Injuns not an hour ago! He's a leadin' 'um on!"

The words had hardly passed from Jocko's lips when a cry from the dog, louder than the first, announced that he had scented them!

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* The flourishing village of Rome now stands upon the site of the fort. Fort *Stanwix* was built in 1758. During the Revolution it was repaired and occupied, and the name changed to Fort *Schuyler*.

Philip's heart sank within him. How could he dispose of the dog without revealing his place of concealment? If he fired, they were lost. And so must they be if the dog found them.

A deep, angry howl broke upon the evening air, and on the next instant a huge blood-hound bounded to the spot in front of their retreat, and there sent forth his deep-toned notes of alarm! The answering whoop from a score of savages followed, and the tramp of the scalpers could be plainly heard at no great distance.

"Lost! lost!" gasped Isabel, now clinging wildly to Philip's arm.

And Philip could give no word of hope! He dared not speak!

CHAPTER II.

ISABEL'S STORY.

While the others of the party were bemoaning their misfortune, Jocko was thanking his stars for the good fortune that had befallen them. In no other place, along the whole length of the path, was there a nook where they could have found the concealment they found here. The negro had often noticed it, and on more than one occasion had he sought shelter there from the rain. The foliage was so dense that no human eye could penetrate it, nor could any sort of break or opening be detected. They had reached the spot just in time, according to Jocko's opinion.

As the dog stopped at the place where the little party had entered, Jocko twisted up his thick lips, and sent forth a sound exactly like the cry of the gray squirrel, loud, long and shrill in its chippering rattle. At this the dog made a bound into the bushes, and on the next moment the negro's huge, iron-like fingers were clasped about his throat. He held the brute thus with one hand, while with the other he whipped out his knife, and, with a powerful, lightning-like stroke, half severed the dog's head from his body. A few moment's more Jocko held the animal down, so that his death struggles might not betray their whereabouts.

It was soon over, and Jocko arose to a kneeling posture just as a party of Indians came up. At a motion from the negro, all was still as could be within the leafy retreat. The only fear was of the horse; but even that animal seemed to have an instinctive perception of danger, for he made not the slightest noise.

The savages stopped before the place where the dog had come in, and listened.

"He was here," said one.

"After a squirrel," returned a second.

"Yes, I heard a squirrel," pursued a third.

They then called the dog, and as he did not answer, they moved on; and as they went, one of them was plainly heard to say—

"We'll ketch um white rebels at home if we hurry!"

Jocko counted twenty of the red men, and when they were well out of hearing, he led his party once more into the path.

"We must hurry up, now," he said. "If we get to de fort in an hour an' um haff, we'll be safe."

Jocko led the way, while Philip brought up the rear, and thus they hastened on through the dense forest. Ere long the path became more narrow and obscure, and the branches hung so low that those who rode upon the horse were forced to lie down. But no one murmured. They knew that their sable guide would not move a step beyond a perfect assurance of safety.

They had gone two miles—two miles of tedious, darksome groping—when Isabel asked if the moon was rising. She saw a gleam of light upon the foliage above her head. Philip and Jocko had both seen that light, but had said nothing, hoping that the old man might not know that his home was in flames! But another sound than the voice of Isabel came to arouse Walter Lancey. Just as the maiden had ceased speaking, there broke upon the air a low, prolonged whoop; and as it came from the north, the old man turned his gaze in that direction.

The party had just reached an eminence—a sort of rocky ledge—upon which vegetation was stunted and sparse. So a better view was afforded than could have been gained in the deep wood. Walter Lancey turned, and away in the distance—upon the spot he had left only one short hour before—he saw bright flames flashing up into the sky! He gazed a few moments, and then, while his head drooped, he murmured—

"*Farewell!*"

It was all he said; and in a moment more the party started on. Philip did not attempt to console his father, for he knew that his long-continued bodily infirmity made him easily affected, and words of consolation might only serve to keep the subject longer in his mind. The old man was not timid, nor was he at all fretful; but long suffering with a chronic rheumatism had made him nervous, and he could not bear, unmoved, what once would have been passed over calmly. Still Walter Lancey was generous and kind, and his love of liberty was stronger than his love of life. His two oldest sons were now with Washington in the Jerseys, or in the edge of Pennsylvania. Stephen was two-and-thirty, and Thomas eight-and-twenty. They had enlisted upon the first call for troops in Tryon county, and Philip would have gone with them but for the infirmity of their good old father.

And while we are following the little party through the forest we will give a glance at the story of Isabel's life.

Robert Carlton and Nathan Bradbrook were both born in New York city, and when they had grown up to be men they went into business together. Carlton was a mild, benevolent, Christian man, while his partner, Bradbrook, was stern, uncompromising, and harsh. But no ill-feeling ever lived between the two men. Carlton rather leaned upon Bradbrook in business matters, and as he thus tacitly acknowledged his hard-hearted partner's supremacy, all went on smoothly. The mild man had the most money, so that the other was always very careful to appear well before him.

In time Mr. Carlton had a daughter. This had been an expressed wish for two or three years, as Bradbrook had a son born about four years before. At first the parents spoke sportively when they declared that the children should be reared up for each other. But ere long both the mothers died—both taken away by an epidemic that scourged the town. When the partners finally recovered from this terrible blow, they saw their children play together, and Bradbrook said,—

"She must be Guy's wife."

And Carlton answered,—

"She *shall* be Guy's wife."

And so Guy Bradbrook and Isabel Carlton grew up with the idea engrafted upon their minds that they were to be man and wife.

But many a time, when the gentle Isabel had grown to be an observing girl, did she shudder at the thought thus forced upon her. Guy was a wayward, reckless boy; harsh and ungenerous; quick and passionate; and extremely selfish. Yet Isabel knew it was her father's wish, and for that father's good she would have given up life itself. She loved him dearly, for he was both father and mother to her; and he was so kind and generous always, that she knew he would do nothing which he thought could cause her unhappiness.

At length the two partners gave up business in the city, and resolved to seek a home in the country. So they started out upon a prospecting tour. Bradbrook found a place that just suited him near Johnstown; but Carlton liked not that place. He kept on up the Mohawk, and finally found a lovely spot near Oriskany. He tried to persuade Bradbrook to come and settle there, but the latter liked better where he had first set his mind. And Bradbrook tried to persuade him to come to Johnstown; but Carlton wanted a more retired place; so the two friends became partially separated, their new homes being some fifty miles apart.

Mr. Carlton's nearest neighbor was Walter Lancey, the latter having been in that section some twenty years. It was in the spring of 1765—just twelve years previous to the time of which we write—that Robert Carlton settled in his forest home. He brought with him, beside his child, his negro girl Phillis, and two negro men. Walter Lancey gave him all the assistance in his power—gave him shelter till his own dwelling could be erected—gave him advice and encouragement in hours of need, and remained true to his dying moments.

Carlton had nearly twice as much property as had Bradbrook; but they used to laugh off the idea of inequality by saying that it would "all come together when the children were married."

This separation was unfortunate for Isabel, for had Guy Bradbrook grown up under Mr. Carlton's own observation, he would have seen the boy's evil disposition and wayward, ungovernable passions, and might hence have put a stop forever to any union between such a person and his gentle, loving child. But the boy grew up away, and the unsuspecting father of Isabel was led to believe that he was all that a growing youth should be. Mr. Bradbrook, from motives of self-interest, took great pains to paint his boy as a prodigy of innocence and good-nature, always representing him as a deep student, and full of generous impulses. And Guy was old enough to practise the duplicity which his father taught him; so when he visited at Oriskany he took care to appear very well, especially when in the presence of Mr. Carlton.

When Isabel was twelve years of age her father sickened and died. It was a terrible blow to the gentle girl when the doctor assured her that her father must die. Carlton sent for Bradbrook, but the latter had gone on a visit to Boston. Mr. Lancey was unremitting in his attentions, and when the old lawyer finally arrived from New York, he advised the dying man to make Walter Lancey the legal guardian of his daughter.

Robert Carlton was made very happy when Lancey consented to assume the responsibility of guardianship. The necessary papers were made out under Carlton's own directions. He left for his child property to the amount of sixty thousand dollars, most of which was invested in New York. All this was placed in Lancey's keeping; or, rather, in the old attorney's keeping, and subject to Lancey's order. Next it was ordered that Walter Lancey should exercise full and absolute control over Isabel Carlton until she should reach the age of nineteen years, at which time she was to become the wife of Guy Bradbrook. The girl herself was called to her father's bedside, and he asked her if he should leave her for Guy's wife. She supposed it was his earnest wish—that it was the chief aim of his life—and she told him—*yes*. And so the deed was done. The gentle, mild, and lovely girl was bound, by every feeling she could recognize, to become the wife of the one her father had chosen.

Mr. Carlton thought it would be better for the young people not to live together through childhood, and hence was he pleased that he had gained so excellent a guardian for his young daughter.

It was on Isabel's birth-day that her father died,—on the twentieth day of November,—and she was on that day twelve years old. The funeral took place, and then the sweet child went to live with Walter Lancey, old Phillis accompanying her as nurse and protector. Carlton's land was all placed under the care of Mr. Lancey, and all matters of business thoroughly arranged and settled. The old attorney had no business to call him back immediately, so he took a proffered room at the cot, and remained awhile to enjoy the fresh air of autumn in the wilderness.

In three weeks after the death of Mr. Carlton, and just as Isabel was beginning to smile again, Nathan Bradbrook and his son came to see what had been done, and to take the orphan home. But when they arrived they found matters all arranged as they were to remain for some years. Mr. Bradbrook was very wroth, and even accused Lancey of undue influence over the dying man. But fortunately the old lawyer, Mr. Judson, was there, and he explained the matter fully. Bradbrook had to give up, but he did it with a bad grace, and with a vow of vengeance in his soul. All his old partner's money was where he could not reach it! He could not touch a penny of it. O! how he cursed his fate that he had not been at home when the messenger came with the intelligence of Carlton's sickness.

Guy, who had grown to be a stout, dumpy youth of over sixteen, was as angry as his father. His evil eye rested upon Philip Lancey, and in his soul he knew that the latter was his superior in personal beauty, and in goodness of disposition.

"You are to be my wife!" he said to the gentle girl.

"Yes, Guy," she timidly replied.

"Then don't forget it; for if you do, your father 'll look down from where he is, and curse ye!"

Isabel shrank away; and then, for the first time in her life, she wished that her father had not given her to Guy Bradbrook!

But oh! how that wish grew in volume of feeling as time rolled on. When she grew older she could see Guy's character in all its naked deformity, and she shuddered at the thought that some day she must be the wife of such a man! And then she could not help contrasting him with Philip Lancey. But upon this she dared not dwell. During the few first years of her orphanage she had played with Philip, and found all her joy in his companionship. She had roamed with him over hill and dell; through meadow and forest; she had carried the game his unerring rifle brought down; and she had picked ripe berries for him to eat while he worked in the fields.

"Ah, liar! *You love Philip Lancey!*" hissed Guy Bradbrook in her ear, on the day that she was sixteen years of age.

She uttered a low cry of alarm, and shrank from him.

"You have no right to accuse me," she finally said.

"I wont accuse you again," was his reply; "only let me say this: you had better be rotting in the earth, and Philip Lansey had better be a carrion crow, than that I should find a love betwixt ye! Mark that!"

And so the feeling had been nurtured. Poor Isabel had resolved to obey her father's dying injunction, and Walter Lancey also said it must be so. He had given his solemn oath to the dying father that he would bestow Isabel's hand upon Guy Bradbrook when she should be nineteen years old; and several times since then had he solemnly assured the elder Bradbrook that it should be done.

And now it lacked something under four months of the appointed time. It was now the first of August. On the twentieth of the succeeding November that time would come!

Thus the reader can judge something of the situation of Isabel Carlton and her protectors. Sir John Johnson was the leading spirit of the Tories and Indians of the Mohawk Valley, and Nathan Bradbrook was one of his right hand men. Both Nathan and his son, Guy, had been promised the use of as many of Brant's Indians as they might require, in any movement against any Rebel. Philip Lancey knew this; and so did Isabel know it; and they knew, too, what it meant.

And now we can follow our little party in the wood.

CHAPTER III.

NEW DANGERS.

As Jocko led the way down the ledge, from which the flames of the burning cot had been seen, the horse stepped upon a small rolling stone, and came very nigh throwing his riders off. At first little attention was paid to the circumstance, but in a few minutes the animal began to limp, and ere long he became so lame that he traveled with difficulty. Jocko was called back, and Philip examined the lame limb. It was the right fore foot which had struck the stone, and the ankle and lower part of the leg were found to be much swollen. It was very painful, and nothing could then be done for it save to bathe it in a little spirit from a canteen which Philip carried. They tried to urge him forward with his load, but he could not go.

Isabel said she could walk as well as not; but her light weight made but little difference. The leg had been very badly sprained, the foot having been in all probability bent over sideways. Jocko said that one of the small cords, or something else, upon the outside of the ankle, was broken. At all events the poor animal could not go.

"I can walk," said the old man; and as he spoke he slipped to the ground.

With this weight removed the horse could limp along slowly—perhaps as fast, however, as the old man could walk. There was considerable of value upon his back—provisions and clothing—and Philip was very anxious to save it. The weight was not much, and he thought if the horse could walk at all he could move along under that load.

"But—I swow, mas'r—dis yer'll nebber do," said Jocko. "We be got more nor two mile to trabbel now; an' you know what a two mile it am. It am bad—drefful bad. Dis yer way wer de safest, but it wer de longest by two mile cumzactly. Now can't ye hurry up jus' a leetle bit?"

"How can we go faster than the poor horse can go?" returned Philip, somewhat impatiently.

"But de poor ole hoss ain't much compared wid what was on him only little time ago. I tell ye we ort'r been in de fort now. Dat red savage Brant is on his way, an' Bird am wid 'im; jus' a' likely's not dey'll be ahead of us, for ye know we've got to come out in de berry road dey'll take."

Philip knew that his negro's counsel was good; but it was hard to leave the horse behind. Still he soon found that he must do it. The leg had swelled to the knee, and the poor animal could scarcely bear it upon the ground.

"Must we leave good old Duke to die in the forest?" murmured Walter Lancey, as he cast an anxious gaze upon the beast that had served him so long and so faithfully.

"There's no help for it, father," the youth replied. "But he may not die here. He may pick up, and find his way back to the old place; and as they can't burn up green grass, he'll find enough to eat.

As soon as it was settled that the horse must be left, the sack of grain was taken from his back and cast into the bushes, while Jocko took a part of the clothing, and Philip the other part. As they started on the noble horse started after them. He struggled hard, and worked his way upon three feet. Ever and anon he would stop from pain, and then give a spasmodic leap forward again. The old man turned and said,—"*Poor Duke!*" A joyful neigh broke from the animal's lips, as, with one struggling effort, he reached his master's side. But the labor had been too much for him. He staggered a moment, and then sank down upon the leafy sod.

Philip tore his father away, and urged him on. Neigh after neigh broke through the night air—they were full of agony and pain—they were deeply imploring—and more than once Walter Lancey hesitated as though some old friend were calling upon him for help.

It was now near nine o'clock—they should have been at the fort before this—and yet they had over a mile to go. The dense masses of clouds which had been rolling up from the eastward broke away for a while, and let forth the beams of the moon. The light thus afforded revealed the narrow path for some distance ahead, and Jocko turned and informed his master that they would soon reach a clearing. He alluded to a place just commenced by a man named Robinson.

"Is it going to clear off? or will it rain?" asked Philip.

"It'll rain 'fore dem yer clouds git down any odder way," was the negro's reply.

"But not to-night, I guess," added the old man.

"I hope not until we reach the fort," said Isabel.

"Never fear. You shall not be harmed," spoke Philip.

"She harmed!" uttered Phillis, almost indignantly. "Bress de Lord—O my soul! My darlin' harmed, an' ole Phillis right clos't alongside ob her? Bress de Lord, nebber!"

The party moved on but slowly, for Walter Lancey was very lame. His back pained him, and his knees were weak and much swollen. Yet he did not complain. He only said,—"I walk as fast as I can Philip."

Ere long the youth began to think that he must cast aside some of his burden and assist his father. He was upon the point of broaching the subject when he was startled by a note of warning from Jocko, and upon raising his head he noticed a bright light flashing up into the heavens at some distance in advance.

"Dat am Peter Robinson's house," said the guide. "Dar's trouble here, for sartin. Dar's no odder road 'cept by his house. Mas'r Philip, I'se did all I could. I couldn't perwent de Injuns from comin' t'ro' de wood wid dat ar' dog; an' I couldn't perwent de ole hoss from lamin' hisself. We ort'r a' been in de——"

Jocko's remarks were cut short by a sudden crash in the path before him; and as he drew quickly back half-a-dozen dusky forms came bounding along the path. But the flames of the burning building now leaped so high into the air that a bright light was shed o'er the forest path; and Jocko quickly recognized Peter Robinson.

The man stopped and raised his rifle as he saw Jocko's quaint form in his way, but a word from the sable guide revealed to him the fact that he had met friends, and he hastened forward eagerly.

Peter Robinson was a stout man; forty years of age; an excellent neighbor; and a warm Patriot. He had been in the valley but a few years, having just got his clearing into good yielding order. He had with him now his wife; a daughter named Mary, who was sixteen years of age; two sons, one thirteen, and the other eleven; and a second daughter only nine. He had no horse, having been obliged to flee without one.

"Ah, Lancey," he cried, as he recognized Philip, "you must turn back at once. The red savages, with half-a-dozen cussed Tories, to lead 'em on in works of blood, are just behind us!"

"So there are savages behind *us!*" resumed the youth. "Are they upon your track?"

"I s'pose so. They surrounded my house, yelling like so many devils; but I had a way open for escape—a way I fixed a week ago, in fear of some such thing. But they must know the way I have taken when they find me gone. They'll know I havn't gone to the road, for that way was guarded."

"Hi-yak-yak!" cried the negro at this moment: "Dey is a-comin'!"

And so they were; for the loud howls of the savages could be plainly heard. Jocko threw himself upon his belly and placed his ear to the ground.

"Dey am a comin' dis way as sure as deff!" he uttered, starting again to his feet.

Philip listened a moment longer, and then cast off the burden he bore.

"We can think of food and clothing no more," he cried, as he threw the tightly bound roll of clothes far into the deep wood. "It's life or death now!—Isabel, be not alarmed while I live. I will save you if God gives me power.—I'll save you—*sister!*"

The maiden caught his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"Bless you, Philip!" she murmured. "Look to your poor old father. They will not kill *me!*"

"They will not *kill* thee, Isabel—oh, no! But they will cast thee into the hands of——"

"Him who has the right to claim me!" interposed the fair girl, with a throb of agony which she could not hide.

"But not yet—not yet. He has not the right yet!"

"Philip, look to your father!"

"I will—I will look to ye both!"

"Come! come!" shouted Robinson, impatiently. "We must be moving from here. The Indians are on our trail. Hear 'em? By the powers, they're close upon us!"

"Hi-yak-yak!" snapped out Jocko, leaping over the head of the last speaker, and landing by the side of his master "Shall I lead on agin, mas'r?"

"Do you know a safe path?" asked Philip.

"Dar aint no odder paff, mas'r; but I know a place where we ken go into."

A short consultation was held between Robinson, Walter, and Philip, and the result was, that they resolved to push on, and, if the place which Jocko had mentioned appeared a safe retreat, to seek concealment there. They were all this time losing the chances of gaining the fort, but still, there was no alternative.

So Jocko once more led the way; then followed Philip, supporting his father; then Isabel, leaning upon the stout arm of Phillis; then came the other family, with Robinson in the rear. They pushed on more rapidly than they had come, for the fiendish yells of the incarnate demons arose continually behind them.

Thus had they gone the distance of a mile or more, when Jocko suddenly threw himself down upon the ground with a shrill "Hi-yak-yak!" He remained so only a moment, and then leaped to his feet.

"Dey am a comin' t'odder way!" he cried. "I hear um in de bushes!"

Robinson sprang forward to ascertain what had happened, and just as he stopped by Philip's side, there came a prolonged yell from the northward.

"By all that's mad, they're coming on ahead!" he gasped, seizing the youth by the arm.

"Aye—that's what my boy had just discovered," Philip answered.

"In God's name, what are we to do?" the stout man asked, turning pale. He cast a hurried glance upon that sacred band behind him, and his hands were clutched nervously upon his rifle. "What can we do?"

"De place I tole ye ob am only little off ahead," said Jocko. "Hurry up an' we'll get dar."

With renewed energy the party started forward again, and just as the howls of the enemy behind began to mingle fearfully with those before, Jocko turned off to the right, and bade the others follow him. The opening he had entered was between two huge trees, the space upon the other side being choked up with densely matted wildwood. Beyond this entrance was a fallen log, over which the negro leaped, and then turning to the left, he led the way through thick alder bushes to a small opening, where a huge boulder sat upon the earth, like unto a massive temple, about the altar of which the forest monarchs bowed in humble adoration. Philip remembered of having once made his way to this place while chasing a deer, and he had then spent a long time in wondering where the isolated monster rock had come from. However, there was time for little consideration of that sort now.

The women and children were suffered to sit down upon the long grass by the side of the rock, while the men moved nearer to the alders and listened. The Indians who came from the northward—from the direction of Lancey's place—were the nearest, as the fugitives had been approaching them. Their footfalls could be heard at intervals when their howls were hushed, and the crackling of dry brush beneath their tread was plainly distinguished. And the others were not far off. The two bands would meet in a few minutes.

"How many were there about your place?" Philip asked of Robinson.

"I couldn't tell very near. There must have been over twenty in sight when I first saw them."

"Did you recognize any of the white men who were with them?"

"No—I wasn't near enough, even allowing they were men I had known."

"Hark! —sh! They are almost here. Ha! They know each other's coming, now!"

This last remark was called forth by an exchange of yells between the two parties of Indians. Those from the north had heard the whoop of the others, and a prolonged howl was the signal of their presence. There was a mingled yell—a crashing of the underbrush, and ere long the two parties had come together, not over sixty rods to the southward of where the fugitives had found shelter.

Jocko turned to his master, and said that he would go and see what he could learn. There was no need of caution, for the wily negro knew, better than any one else, how far he could venture in safety. He crawled away like a cat, and was ere long hidden away amid the branches of a tree directly over the spot where the Indians had met.

A long half-hour was spent by the fugitives around the great rock. They could hear the low hum of voices, and they knew that a sort of council was being held. They dared not move from their present quarters, for they knew not which way to go. Robinson and Philip were standing together, wondering if any evil had befallen Jocko, when they were startled by a low chippering directly over their heads; and upon looking up, they saw a dark object suspended from the branch of a tree right above them.

"Hi-yak-yak!" came in a shrill whisper from the dark mass, and on the next instant Jocko dropped noiselessly down at their feet.

"Hi, mas'r, dar's not a moment to lose. De red sarpents am gwine to sarch de woods! Dar's ten white Tories wid 'em, but I only know'd one ob 'em, an' dat's Guy Bradbrook. He's come down from de burnin' house. He say you come dis way—t'odder party say you no gwine dat way. Den dem as come from de souf ax, 'Hav ye seed ole Robinson?' an' Guy Bradbrook say—'No Robinson come my way.' 'But Robinson come dis way, for sartin,' cumsists dem from de souf. 'An' I tell ye dat brack ole rebel Lancey come *dis* way!' explaterates Mas'r Guy 'Den dey's hid in de wood,' says an ole redskin 'Dat am it, for sartin sure!' say all de rest; an' 'pon dat dey 'solve to hunt de wood all t'rough. Now, by gosh, dar's sum'f'n to be did, eh? Hi-yak-yak!"

Philip understood every word Jocko had spoken, and the meaning was plain and simple. He pondered a moment, and then asked his sable attendant if he could not lead them on through the wood directly towards the fort.

"I ken do it, mas'r; bet ken all ob ye foller? It mus' be some dreffil hard trabellin'."

A short consultation was held, and it was soon resolved that they should try to force their way to the fort through the dense wood. They were but a short distance from the river, and if they could gain it they might be safe. The hoot and tramp of the savages could be heard upon all hands to the westward, and some of them would be sure to penetrate to their present place of concealment in a short time.

But Philip Lansey had heard another sound, that sent the tide of strong emotion swelling through his soul. He had heard the voice of Guy Bradbrook, and he knew the wicked Tory sought Isabel!

"Lead the way," he whispered to Jocko. "Be careful and pick the easiest passages." And then hastening to where his father and Isabel were, he resumed—

"We must force our way to the river. It will be a hard task, but there is no choice left save death at the hand of a merciless foe! Come—be careful—a single crackle might betray us. Give me your arm, father. Go you in advance, Phillis, and keep close upon Jocko. Oh!—now for one short season of fortune!"

Jocko plunged into the thick wildwood, and the others followed. On, on—slowly and painfully—stumbling, and falling, and slipping, and sinking. Yet on—but how slowly! The last of the party, the hardy Robinson, had barely passed from the opening around the huge rock, when a loud yell arose behind him. The Indians had made their way to the place!

"Whoop!—Aloo-aloo-loo-loo-loo-aloo! They've been here!" came in startling tones from an Indian warrior, as he reached the open space around the rock.

"Push on! Oh—in God's name, on!" ejaculated Robinson, as he spread out his arms as if to protect the loved ones before him!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ROSES OF EARTH.

Eve, the mother of mortals, walked one day, alone and sorrowful, on the desecrated soil of this sinful earth. Suddenly she espied a rose-tree laden with expanded blossoms, which, like the blush of dawn, shed a rosy light upon the green leaves around them. "Ah!" cried she, with rapture, "is it a deception, or do I indeed behold even here the lovely roses of Eden? Already do I breathe from afar their paradisiacal sweetness! Hail, gentle type of innocence and joy! Art thou not a silent pledge that even among the thorns of earth Eden's happiness may bloom? Surely it is bliss even to inhale the sweet fragrance of thy flowers!" Even while she was speaking, with her joyous gaze bent upon the profusion of roses, there sprang up a light breeze which stirred the boughs of the tree; and lo! the petals of the full-blown flowers silently detached themselves, and sank upon the ground. Eve exclaimed, with a sigh, "Alas! ye also are children of death! I read your meaning—types of earthly joys." And in mournful silence she looked upon the fallen leaves. Soon, however, did a gleam of joy lighten up her countenance while she spake, saying, "Still shall your blossoms, so long as they are unfolded in the bud, be unto me the types of holy innocence." So saying, she stooped down to gaze upon the half-closed buds, when suddenly she became aware of the thorns which grew beneath them, and her soul was sore troubled. "Oh," cried she, "do ye also need some defence? Do ye indeed bear within the consciousness of sin, and are these thorns the symptoms of your shame? Nevertheless, I bid you welcome, beauteous children of the Spring, as an image of Heaven's bright and rosy dawn upon this thorny earth!"

MARRIED LIFE IN CHINA.

The apartments devoted to the women are set apart exclusively for their use, as they do not eat or sit with their husband, or, more correctly speaking, with the master of the house; none but female attendants or lads are permitted to enter these rooms (as the chastity of the women is little trusted), except when the household is present, and then only the nearest male relatives, such as a father, brother, or son, are suffered to remain with the women. One part of the sitting-room of the women is always devoted to a shrine, on which stands a goddess or idol for a representation of the Queen of Heaven, to which the married women and concubines pray for children; the unmarried supplicate to have rich husbands sent them, and soon.

SELF-ENDURANCE AND CONTENTMENT.

As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion, at least, of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

DEPARTING.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

I'm passing from my father's house,
Nor shall I soon return;
But oh! how fervently my heart
Doth o'er my father yearn.

I'm thinking of the love he bore
To one who long ago
Departed to a better home
Than this dark world can know.

I'm wondering if a thought of her
Did not provoke the sigh
That struggled upward from his heart
When I was standing by,

And saying that the time had come
For me to go away;
I *thought* it might be for *her sake*
He fain would have me stay.

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LOST AND FOUND:

OR,

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

I think it must have been her laugh that made the captain turn around and look at her! It is certain that he had already spoken with her twice in the cabin, without noticing her face or form particularly, but when her laugh, so gay, so joyous, and so hearty, came floating past him, as he was pacing up and down the deck, thinking of the home he had left, and the long voyage before him, he paused and looked towards her with an interest he would have been puzzled to define.

For Imogen Forrest was not beautiful. Her cousin Ada, who stood beside her, could boast regularly chiseled features, a lovely face, and a profusion of flowing brown curls that fell gracefully on her shoulders. Both were tall and slender—both arrayed in traveling dresses of simple make and material; but here the resemblance ceased. Imogen's irregular features, and dark gray eyes, were the very embodiment of mischief; her smile was pleasant, because it was so heart-felt; her manner winning, because it was so gay and so sincere; but that was all. You would as soon have thought of converting the portrait of Mrs. Seacole into your ideal of artistic beauty as of calling her handsome. She knew it well, and rather rejoiced at it.

She stood on the deck of that outward-bound vessel, the companion of her more wealthy cousin, Ada Seaforth, who, with a husband the color of his guineas, might be excused for preferring the society of her gay young relative to the close cabin, where he was already tossing in his berth, a prey to the demon of sea-sickness. The two girls (for Mrs. Seaforth was not more than twenty-two), were laughing merrily at some remark of Imogen's when Captain Charles Lansdowne first noticed them.

Now, as he was captain of the ship, as the party had been put somewhat especially under his charge, and as they had cast one or two glances his way already, it would have been both natural and gallant for him to approach them, and say something, at least, about the fine day they were having, and the probable duration of their voyage. He did not do it, however, but after that one long glance, meeting the eyes of Imogen turned upon him with a dawning look of wonder, he turned away abruptly, and walked down the deck.

"Our captain does not seem very sociable," said Imogen, in a low voice. "I always supposed sailors were the frankest and freest people on earth; but he seems fenced in by as many proprieties as if he were a landsman."

"He is too good-looking to be a bear," said Ada, lazily raising her double eyeglass, and looking after him. "Tall and well-formed, too. I hate short men."

She sighed. Imogen well knew what that sigh meant. The first love of her brilliant cousin, from whom she had been separated by her worldly-minded parents and her own ambition, had the height and the easy, graceful motion of the captain; while her husband was as unwieldy as an elephant, and about as awkward in every movement. She pitied her when she thought of the sacrifice she had made, but she wisely kept that pity to herself, and changed the subject.

"Look, Ada, how the sun sparkles on the water. I do hope it will set clear to-night, don't you?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Seaforth, with a yawn. "Sunsets and moonrises are only other terms for 'humbug' in my vocabulary. Don't look so disappointed, Genie. You know all my enthusiasm went overboard long ago."

"But you might regain it, Ada. I am sure you might—if you only would."

"Nonsense, my dear! Come, I suppose Mr. Seaforth is getting furious because I stay away so long, and I really ought to be ashamed of myself. I am going down, will you come? Or will you turn romantic, and stay on deck to look at the sea—*and the captain?*"

Her last remark, and the quizzical glance that accompanied it, had the desired effect. Imogen accompanied her below, and threw herself upon one of the sofas in the cabin, while her cousin went to pay her duty to her liege lord and master. It was not long before she returned, looking vexed and indignant.

"Genie, my dear, may I share your state-room to-night?" she asked, as she sat down beside her. "That ridiculous old Martin is installed in my place in Mr. Seaforth's room."

She tried to laugh, but she seemed hurt and angry.

"My room is very much at your service, Ada," said Imogen, soothingly. "And as for Martin, he has been your husband's confidential servant so long, that it is not strange he should be with him now."

"Oh, yes—it's all very right, I dare say—but as I have been civilly told I am only in the way there, and my own state-room is so lonely, I must quarter myself on you. And now, as the gong has sounded, don't trouble yourself to make any more excuses for Mr. Seaforth, but come to tea."

They went, and after supper, the first move on the part of all who were not yet sea-sick was, of course, for the deck. The cousins established themselves in the stern of the vessel, between two life-boats, where they were alike secure from interruption and observation, to watch the setting sun. It was long, long before either of them spoke. At last Ada drew a long sigh, and started from her reverie.

"This may do very well for you, Imogen, but if I go on thinking at this rate, I shall jump overboard. Where's our captain? Ah, there he stands. I'm going to call him here."

Imogen, absorbed in thought, scarcely heard what she had said, and only looked up when Captain Lansdowne, in obedience to Ada's telegraphic summons, stood before them.

"Captain, what in the world are we going to do all through this voyage?" said the lively Ada. "I am half dead with ennui already. Is there nothing to amuse one's self with on board."

"I can promise you a fine moonrise presently," said the captain, looking at Imogen. "And for the present, if you would like to take a peep into the engine-room, I shall be most happy to accompany you."

Anything like an exploration was agreeable to the volatile Ada, and for the next hour they were penetrating the mysteries of the engine-room, the kitchen, pantries, &c., much to the annoyance of Imogen, who looked on quietly, and said nothing, while her cousin was asking a thousand questions of their courteous escort. At last the end of the journey was reached. There was nothing more to see, except the rising of the moon, so Ada said, and she disengaged her arm from that of the captain with a pretty little yawn, as she reached the entrance to the cabin—

"I am really too old to lose my sleep for such nonsense," she said, with a musical laugh. "Neither have I any wish to be reminded of my youthful follies, now that I am a sober married woman. So, Captain, I will leave this young lady in your charge. Only remember, she is not to be kept on deck more than fifteen minutes. For my part, I am going to bed."

"I will be faithful, and bring back my charge at the appointed time," said the captain, as he bade her good-night.

Imogen half wished to stay, but the malicious light in Ada's laughing eyes forbade it, and promising to return in fifteen minutes, she went once more on deck. They went forward, and leaning against the anchor, looked over the bow. Far in the east a brilliant light was reflected upon the water—a moment, and the full moon trembled into sight, and rode in majesty through the fleecy clouds—queen of the sky and of the sea! It was a glorious sight, and Imogen drew a long, long breath as she watched her upward ascent.

"At least we have one feeling in common," said the captain, gently. "I am glad to see you enjoy this so much. Your cousin should have been here, too. And yet I do not know. There are so many associations connected with the moon's sweet light—perhaps it may not be well to awaken them. For the first time, Miss Forrest, I can see and feel this."

Imogen blushed. She had been thinking of one with whom she had watched the moon rise only the night before—one to whom, through the influence of her cousin, she had been for some time betrothed. She was wondering, in her own heart, how it could be that she had missed and regretted him so little.

"I believe every one feels a touch of sadness when looking at the moon," she said, thoughtfully. "Even I, who have always been happy, and who have no sad memories connected with such a scene, cannot help feeling this. I think I shall always remember this night."

"I hope so," was the reply, made in a tone more fervent than the occasion warranted, and which brought the color to Imogen's cheek. She made a movement as if to go, which her escort immediately obeyed.

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams, Miss Forrest," he said, as they stood in the cabin, near her state-room door.

She placed her hand in that outstretched to receive it, and felt a slight, a very slight pressure, as he relinquished it again. "Good-night," she murmured, and then the door of state-room "F" closed behind her, and the captain was alone.

It was but the beginning of a happy time. People, when for twelve days they are shut up together, with no resources for amusement save such as lie within themselves, are very apt to discover their counterparts, and linger beside them accordingly. It was rather laughable to watch this fraternizing spirit on board the "Castle of Chillon." It is always considered policy to show only the best side of one's nature, in such a place. Yet, though on deck every one was kind, polite, and agreeable, people would be found breaking up into little clubs of two and three, here and there—forming little groups, that were by no means unpleasant to look at, while pacing up and down the deck. Beside Ada and her cousin the captain was almost always to be seen, when his duty did not call him elsewhere; and when, at last, Mr. Seaforth, moody, and peevish, and irritable, crawled on deck each day, and kept his young wife in close attendance upon him, Imogen was thrown still more under his protection. It may be that neither of them were displeased with this new arrangement. Certainly the captain's step was lighter, and his voice more cheerful when Imogen leaned upon his arm, as he gave his orders to those on deck; and she, who, according to all the rules of romance, should have penned a thousand disconsolate missives to her absent lover, was putting off all letter-writing, as rather a disagreeable duty, to be performed when safely landed, and only sighed whenever she thought how soon the year would pass which was to bring around her wedding-day. Yet, had any one whispered in her ear the real state of her heart, she would have pronounced it false, without the slightest hesitation, and with real indignation.

Like all things pleasant, that voyage came to an end at last. The last walk on deck by moonlight had been taken—the last meal on board served, and nothing remained but the final adieu to be said. Imogen leaned against her favorite lifeboats, and looked sadly at the shifting crowd that thronged the deck, and at the baggage piled up in readiness to go ashore. She dreaded reaching land—she knew not why, and would almost have been willing to go on with the vessel to its final destination.

"Imogen," said a low voice behind her.

She turned, and saw the Captain there. In his hand he held a small golden anchor, elegantly designed and carved, and attached to a chain of the same precious metal.

"We part to-day," he said, in an agitated voice, "and we may never meet again. Will you wear this little token in memory of one who can never, never forget you?"

He seemed so sincere, so earnest, that she could not bear to wound his feelings by refusing the gift. She bowed her head, and let him place it around her neck. But as he did so, she detached a little charm of precious stones, made in the form of a carrier dove, from the chain of her watch, and fastened it on his.

"I will keep your gift on condition that you will retain mine," she said; "and if, in this world of change, we should ever meet again, we will see which of us has treasured the token best."

He looked at her earnestly a moment, and said—

"Imogen, may I speak?"

A crimson flush covered her face, and she was about to turn away. But he stood before her, and exclaimed:

"Imogen, you must hear me now! From the first hour in which we talked together I have loved you. You, and you only, can make my life a happy one. Imogen, are you too proud to become the wife of one who has never loved before, and who would gladly die, if he may not live, for you?"

"Oh, hush! hush!" said Imogen, who now was fearfully pale. "You must not speak like this—I must not hear it. Captain Lansdowne, on my return to America, next year, I am to be married."

The strong man staggered as she spoke. Of such an obstacle as this he had never dreamed. He leaned upon the lifeboat, and covered his face with his hands. Imogen, pained and grieved, tried to soothe him.

"Forgive me if I have done wrong," she whispered. "I never thought you loved me. And, oh! believe me, when I say that this is the most unhappy moment of life!"

He roused himself, then, for her sake, and looked her bravely in the face.

"No, Imogen, no—you have done no wrong. You have only been as kind to me as a sister might have been—that is all."

"And you forgive me, then?"

"God knows I have nothing to forgive, dear one."

He looked at her earnestly—his eyes filled with tears, and, pressing her hand, he hurried away, that the sight of his sorrow might not distress her.

Ten minutes afterwards she saw him again on deck, grave, but quiet and composed—giving orders to his men, and attending to the comfort of his passengers, with a noble disregard of self that went to her heart. She watched him a little while, and then her eyes also overflowed. "Oh, if I had only known him before," she sighed. She dared not say more.

Her cousin came running in search of her. They were fast approaching their landing-place, and many were waiting to make their adieus. Half bewildered by the confusion that reigned everywhere around, she shook hands mechanically with every one who pressed forward, when the loud noise of machinery suddenly stopped, and the vessel was stationary.

"Oh, Ada!" she cried.

But Ada was already making her way on deck, with her husband. Imogen felt her hand drawn through some person's arm. There was no need to look up—her own heart told her too well who it was. He led her to the gangway—he went ashore with her, and placed her in the charge of Ada and her husband. Then, as he bade them farewell, she lifted her veil for the first time, and he saw how pale she was.

"Farewell, Imogen," he said, in a low voice, taking her hand in both his. "Remember that a sailor's heart follows you wherever you go. God bless you—and good-bye!"

She wrung his hand in silence, and the tears she did not care to repress, fell on her cheeks as they parted.

"I will never, never forget you," were her last words to him.

He stood on deck as his vessel steamed away from the wharf, with his eyes fixed on Imogen, who leaned on Mr. Seaforth's arm, and waved her kerchief to him. He saw her wipe away her tears—he saw her turn impatiently from Ada's jesting consolation—he saw how eagerly she leaned forward to catch the last glimpse of him—and then, when the pier and its occupants had faded from his sight, he shut himself up in his lonely room, and wept like a child!

Do not smile, dear reader. The warm heart of the noble sailor was full! He had left behind him one whom he could not choose but love—one who might have made him the happiest of men—one whom he could never hope to meet again! To such a dream of happiness—so sweet while it remained, and so deeply bitter now that it had faded away forever—what could he give but those tears, which so endeared her and ennobled him?

CHAPTER II.

Six years had passed away. "The Castle of Chillon," after making many a safe and pleasant trip, and weathering many a fearful storm, took fire one night, as she lay quietly in port, and burned to the water's edge. To her owner this was a grievous disaster. Not on account of the pecuniary loss, for he could well afford to bear that—but because the presence of the lost Imogen had hallowed every inch upon her deck and in her cabin. Here her light foot had trod—there her ungloved hand had rested, as she talked with him—in this place had been her favorite seat by day, and in that he had often seen her stand at night to watch the rising of the moon. He seemed to see her, as he trod the deck alone—he seemed to hear her voice beside him through these long, long years. And now the last link that bound him to the past, and to her memory, was broken. Yet, not the last. For the dove, now carefully encased in a golden locket, and hidden from curious eyes, still hung at his chain, and brought sad thoughts of her.

He had lost all traces of the party since they had gone from Paris. But he believed Imogen to be married—to be happy, perhaps, without a thought of him, who had been so faithful to her memory. And as the years passed away, he began to grow more lonely—to long, ardently, for a home, and some one to love him there.

Marriage seemed out of the question with him. But when his ship was lost he grew disgusted with a city life, and ran down into the country to spend a few months with his sister, who resided at a little distance from a fashionable watering-place. To her the arrival of a brother, at once so fine looking, so warm-hearted, and so long an absentee, was a great event; and he was received with a joyous welcome that made him believe there might be still much in the world worth living for. To his sister, after a few days, he spoke of Imogen. She heard the story in silence; but had he been watching narrowly, he would have seen a gleam of mischief in her eye.

"And you have not met her for six years, yet have remembered her so well!" she exclaimed, when he ceased to speak. "I did not think there was so much constancy in man. But you must forget her now."

"That I can never do, Mary."

"You must, Charles, and I will tell you why. You know my husband owns the little cottage called 'Chatsworth,' which stands about half a mile from here?"

"Yes."

"Well then, 'once upon a time,' as our old nurse used to say, a young widow lady, with her son, rented this cottage, and has lived there ever since."

"What then, Mary."

"Can't you see, stupid sailor that you are? I like the young widow, and I love my brother. She is good, and kind, and affectionate, and I would not have the slightest objection——"

"I see, I see," said Captain Lansdowne, coloring to the roots of his hair. "But, Mary, if you really love me, you will not arrange any such thing for me. Since I cannot marry the woman I love, I will marry no one."

"Not even my young widow?"

"Not even your young widow, Mary."

"I would be willing to stake any amount of kisses on that," was her arch reply. "Only see her, dear Charles. I will wager you my diamond bracelet against that little locket you wear——"

"No, not that," he said, hastily. "I can make no wager with that, even though I am sure of winning."

"Well, then, I'll wager it against another bracelet to match it, that, if you once see the widow, you will be willing to marry her on the spot. You have no idea what a fascinating creature she is, my dear brother."

"Were she a second Mary, Queen of Scots, it would make no difference with me," he said, as he walked away. "I accept your wager, since you are foolish enough to make it—so look after your bracelet."

His sister watched him a moment, and laughed mischievously when she saw him take the road that led to "Chatsworth."

He rode slowly along, thinking, not of the fair widow, but of Imogen. After an hour's saunter through the delightful green lane, and a peep at the small stone cottage, in its precincts, he turned his horse's head towards home.

He loosened the bridle and walked slowly along the unfrequented path, leaving the steed to follow him when he chose. Suddenly a piercing scream—the scream of a little child—startled him. It was repeated again and again, and he ran swiftly in the direction from which it came. He reached a little pond, evidently inclosed within some private grounds, just in time to see a little fair head sink beneath the dark water. It was but the work of an instant to pull off his coat and swim out into the pond. The child had evidently fallen from a boat which was drifting to the opposite shore, and rose to the surface just as the captain reached the place where he had seen him sink. Lansdowne caught him by the arm and swam swiftly to the shore.

The child—a delicate-looking little boy, with long curls of fair hair—soon breathed again under the assiduous care of his preserver, and opening a pair of large, dark grey eyes, looked up into his face.

"Now, then, my little man, tell me your name," said Lansdowne, as he raised him in his arms, "and I will take you home."

"My name is Charley, sir."

"Charley?" And the Captain sighed, thinking, if fate had so willed it, a son of his might have borne the same name.

"Yes, sir, Charley Frederick Weston. My mamma lives in the little cottage you see yonder. I was trying to get some water-lilie's from the boat for her when I fell in the water.'

"Well, Charley, be still and I will take you home and tell your mamma all about it," said Lansdowne, secretly amused at the chance that seemed to throw him in the fair widow's way. "But first let me call my horse."

He whistled, and the pretty "Pet" came cantering lightly up the lane. He mounted, and, with the boy still in his arms, rode swiftly to the cottage. The door was open, but no one could be seen.

"Charley, you are well enough to run to your mother yourself, and she will not be half so frightened as if I went to tell her," he said, as he set the boy down in the hall.

"But you will wait—you will not go away without seeing mamma," said the little fellow, decidedly. "She would be very sorry if you should, and if you will sit down here a few moments I will bring her to you."

He pushed open the door of a little parlor, led his new friend to a seat, and ran across the hall. The frank-hearted sailor smiled at his awkward dilemma. Here he was, in the quarters of the enemy, unable to beat a retreat, yet half inclined to do so, when he thought of the romantic coloring his first meeting with the widow had assumed. He looked around the room. It was tastefully and simply furnished, with a great many books scattered about on the tables, and only one picture on the walls—the portrait of a young and handsome man—which hung above the piano.

"The picture of little Charley's father, doubtless," he thought, and again he checked himself as he was about to sigh.

"This way, mamma. I left him in the parlor—and oh, don't you think, he is the same gentleman we met the other morning,—Mrs. Cameron's brother, you know."

"Hush, Charley," was the answer, in a low, sweet voice that made every pulse in our hero's veins thrill. "You talk too much for a little boy—remember that, my dear."

When Mrs. Weston entered the room, her visitor stood in the French window, bending over a newly blossomed geranium. She walked straight up to him, leading her little son by her hand.

"Believe me, I am most grateful for the great service you have rendered me this morning," she said, in an agitated voice. "I cannot thank you as I ought; but oh, if the prayers of a fond mother can do you any good, you shall be abundantly blessed by mine."

She had not yet seen his face; but when she had finished speaking, he turned round with a choking sob.

"Imogen!"

He had known her at the first sound of her voice. But she, who little expected to find in the brother of her friend, Mrs. Cameron, the gallant sailor who had, at one time, made so deep an impression on her heart, was utterly astounded.

"Mamma! mamma! why don't you speak to him? See how he cries!" pleaded her wondering son.

"Go out of the room, Charley, and go to your nurse," said his mother, gravely.

The boy obeyed. Imogen drew a great armchair beside the window, and made her friend sit down. The touch of her light hand upon his arm subdued him—he yielded to it at once. Then she brought another chair and sat down near him, and waited till he grew more calm.

"It is very wonderful!" she said at last. "When did you know that I was here, Captain Lansdowne?"

"Not till I heard your voice in the hall," he answered. "But have you no warmer welcome for me than this, Imogen? When we parted, you gave me your hand, will you not do as much now we have met, after these long, weary years?"

She laid her hand in his with a frank smile. He did not press it to his lips, although he longed to do so; he only looked at it, as it lay, like a little white bird, in his, and felt that he was happy.

"Have you been happy, Imogen?" he asked.

"Till my husband died," she said, with a glance at the portrait. "Some three years ago, I was quite happy, and even since then, I have learned to be content. I have one treasure, Captain Lansdowne, in my son. I would rather thank *you* for saving him than any other man on earth."

"Imogen, do you remember the little dove you gave me?"

She blushed and bowed her head. He touched the spring of its little case, and showed it to her.

"And your chain and anchor, Imogen?"

"I have it safe. Charley—who, by the way, is a namesake of yours, Captain Lansdowne—has often begged for it, but I have never allowed him to take it from its box."

"A namesake of mine?" said the captain, coloring like a girl. "Do you mean it, Imogen?"

"Certainly. He is named for you and his father, by my own request. But since the death of my husband, he has never been called Frederick."

Her eyes drooped before the eager glance of his. He knelt beside her chair, and took her hand in his.

"Imogen, I have loved you for six years, although I believed you to be another's, and never hoped to meet you again. God has brought us together in a strange way. It only remains for you to say whether I shall ever leave you again. You are the only woman I have ever loved, or ever can love. Imogen, will you be my wife?"

"Are you sure it will make you so very happy?" she said in a low voice, while her face was covered with blushes.

"Imogen, do not trifle with me," he said hoarsely. "Tell me at once if I may love you or not."

"Love me as long and as fervently as you will, yet you can never, never be dearer to me than you are now," she whispered, as his arm stole around her waist, and her head sank upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Imogen, this pays me for all I have suffered!" he murmured, as he pressed his lips to hers. "I could die now, gladly."

"Hem! I think it would be more to the purpose to live, judging by present appearances," said a laughing voice at the door.

The lovers started to their feet in consternation. Mary Cameron was just entering, and Charley's voice was heard in the hall. Captain Lansdowne called him in, and kissed his fair forehead with all a father's fondness.

"You have fairly outwitted me, Mary," he said, shaking hands with his sister, who was trying to wipe away her tears before he saw them. "But why in the world did you not tell us before?"

"Because it struck me as so ridiculous," said Mary, crying and laughing in the same breath. "First, my good friend Genie lets me take a peep into her heart, and I find a certain gallant sailor enshrined there. Then comes my brother from sea, who raves about his Imogen, whom he shall never see again, thus giving me the key to her confession. Now, good people, when you were within half a mile of each other, was I not perfectly right in leaving you to find each other out?"

"Perfectly," said her brother, drawing his Imogen (lost no longer) closer to him, and laying his hand upon Charley's fair head. "And you have for your brother the happiest man alive, Mary."

"I have won my wager," she said, saucily.

"Trust me for remembering that."

He did remember it on his wedding-day, by clasping a magnificent diamond bracelet on her arm, as she came up to kiss her new sister.

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BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.*

The Bank of England note is simple in character, having altered very little in appearance since it was first issued at the end of the seventeenth century, but the quality of the paper and of the engraved writing has now been brought up to a high degree of excellence. In thus perfecting their note, the authorities of the Bank have had entirely in view the protection of the public from fraud and loss. Instead of defending themselves, as is the practice in some other countries, by secret marks on their paper money, the substance and printing of which are equally ill executed, the Bank of England accepts no security which may not be possessed by any one who will make himself acquainted with the following characteristics of the paper, the plate-printing, and the type-printing of the note. The paper is distinguished:

1. By its color, a peculiar white, such as is neither sold in the shops, nor used for any other purpose.

2. By its thinness and transparency, qualities which prevent any of the printed part of the note being washed out by turpentine or removed by the knife, unless a hole is made in the place thus practised on.

3. By its characteristic feel. There is a peculiar crispness and toughness in Bank of England paper, which enables those who are accustomed to handle it to distinguish instantaneously, by the sense of touch alone, true from false notes.

4. The wire mark (or water mark) is produced in the paper when in the state of pulp; consequently, a forger must procure a mould, and make his own paper. But both the workmanship of the mould and the manufacture of the paper, from its intricate surface, require the skill of first-rate artizans. As these are not found in the haunts of crime, a spurious imitation of the water mark has to be affixed by means of a metallic stamp upon the counterfeit paper after it has been made.

5. The three deckle edges of the bank-note. The mould contains two notes, placed lengthways; these are separated by the knife in a future stage of manufacture. The deckle (or wooden frame of the paper-mould) produces that peculiar effect which is seen on the edges of uncut paper. As it is caused when this substance is in the state of pulp, it is as unlike any imitation attempted upon paper, as the rent or hemmed edge of linen, etc., differs from the selvage. It will be evident from this that any paper purchased for purposes of forgery, inasmuch as it has to be cut into shape, can have but two natural (or deckle) edges at most, instead of three, and must bear, in consequence, a recognizable proof of falsity.

6. The strength of the bank-note paper. Being made, not from the worn fibres of old garments, but from new linen and new cotton pieces, the paper of the bank-note is extremely strong.

In its water-leaf (or unsized) condition, a bank-note will support 36 lbs., and when one grain of size has been diffused through it, it will then lift half a hundred weight. The bulk of the note is printed from a steel plate, the identity of which is secured by the process of transferring. The paper is moistened for printing by water driven through its pores under the pressure of the atmosphere admitted into the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. This process was invented about thirty-five years ago. In the bank of England 30,000 double notes are thus moistened in the space of an hour. The ink used in plate printing is made at the Bank from linseed oil and charred husks and vines of Rhenish grapes. This Frankfort black (as it is called) affords a characteristic velvety black, very distinguishable in the left-hand corner of the note. Inks in forgeries have usually a bluish or brownish hue. The numbering and cipher printing are also executed in one of the presses in use at the Bank. The combination of plate with type printing is itself a great security against a successful forgery of a bank note. All that now remains is the signature of the clerk. This is chiefly valuable as a moral restraint against counterfeits. At the same time the nicety of adjustment in bank paper manufacture is evinced by its being suited both to the printer, who requires the least, and to the penman, who requires the greatest quantity of size in the paper to fit it to their respective purposes.

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* These curious particulars about the notes of this celebrated Institution, will no doubt be read with much pleasure at the present time by all classes.—ED. OF THE LEDGER.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE PANIC.

Confidence is not more beautiful, as crowning the quieter and tenderer relations of life, than it is essential to the well-being of society, in its broadest and most practical sense. Where this cohering spirit ceases between man and man, or among the masses and castes of men, there is no longer unity of purpose or harmony of action. In the absence of confidence, small difficulties, that might otherwise have been easily overcome, swell into great disasters, and spread the tide of discord and ruin far and wide. It is one of the unalterable conditions of humanity, that it must be fraternal to be happily progressive—and without absolute confidence there can be no real fraternity. This is not more true of individuals than it is of communities and nations. The affairs of the weightiest governments, as well as the intercourse between man and his fellow, depend for their best issue upon confidence between all the interested parties. This is the main-spring of human advancement.

These reflections have been suggested by the extraordinary aspect of the times, as viewed from business and financial points. Within a few weeks—and still developing—we have had the remarkable spectacle of a great, if not general, prostration of public and private enterprise, threatening the severest pressure to the industrial classes—particularly in seaboard cities, and the manufacturing regions of the country—and all this in the face of one of the grandest harvests that ever crowned a year. The financial panic and business crash now spreading and reverberating all over the land, must have a cause somewhere else than in the dearth of real means, or the amount of the debts of the country—for our means, of earth-product, were never more ample, and our debts, at the worst, are as the fly upon the wheel against our power to move on, if we only had confidence—private and public—the confidence of a few months ago, when a panic had not yet been conjured by the croaking and timid, nor a crash been thought of, though the country had less absolute means to turn with then than now.

When a panic gets under way, it is harder to stop than a prairie fire. One man's fall invites and forces another; some go by the board of sheer need, while many take advantage of the "fear and confusion" to break, when they might with a struggle have stood fast. The weak and rotten go first, but soon the strongest catch the infection and give up the ghost. Men grow suspicious of one another in the ratio of their selfishness, and the contraction of confidence but aggravates the evil, until the small trouble becomes a public calamity. Such is the history of panics, like the one now paralyzing the country.

Instead of looking at the best side, every one looks at the worst. The cloud has been foreshadowed, and the storm fairly evoked, by a class who for months would have it that a crash must come—and since it must they kindly engineered it and "worked up" the public mind. Had they been as diligent in strengthening as they were in weakening public confidence, the present period of distress would have been averted—or at least modified. Even now, it only requires the burial of this universal distrust, which forbids forbearance on the part of creditors, and quenches the hope and courage of debtors, to bring all around right. We have, doubtless, been living too fast as a people—this is clear as noon-day; but this is no reason why we should rush and hang ourselves; it need have been nothing more than a severe warning, at the pinch of "paying the fiddler," to cease our mad extravagance, go about paying our debts and recover our equilibrium, and thereafter be more prudent and wise.

There is one cheering fact amid the gloom of the times, and that is that the violence of the crash falls where it belongs—upon those who have pushed their credit farthest, and leaned most on others. The overtraders and speculators must bear the scorch of the sirocco. Still, the humblest labor is affected, and in some directions will suffer severely ere the coming winter be past. But the country at large has ample means in the glorious harvest for a good living, and with breadstuffs cheap, and sweets falling to their old level, we shall pass this reactionary crisis, and five years hence few will care for or remember the panic of 1857.

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LIVES OF THE LIVING.

Conservatives in literature have had their sensitiveness greatly shocked within a few years, by the growing disposition of the reading public to receive autobiographies of the living, rather than biographies of the dead. It required some boldness to trench on a universal custom, but the good sense of having eminent men's histories written while the record was fresh, and the men were living to be appealed to in verification of their record, was so manifest as to overbear critical objection. The autobiographies of men remarkable for useful services to mankind never require apology. The world would have been far richer in noble influences for the young, if it had oftener been made familiar with the history of living great men.

Most eminent men have been acknowledged at the point of eminence, but want of familiar knowledge of the habits and incidents of their lives has veiled them in mystery from the crowd, and caused them to be regarded with wonder, as men rather super-human than mortals like ourselves. A touch of the biographer's pen would, by showing the simple paths of the great, have encouraged others to emulate the easy example. What have we for high example but the lives of great and good men? and how necessary, to give this example force, that such lives should be laid before us minutely drawn by the pen-painter. Biography, like history, has been too much a fraud upon mankind. It has overlooked the men whose lives were fitted to be imitated, giving all the pæans to warriors and kings. Macauley laments, while writing his history of England, that he can learn no more of the *people* of past time. The record is given up to despots and desolaters. Battles and coronations are the land-marks, and bloody revolutions the remembered epochs; but there has been preserved scarcely a muster-roll of the warriors of peaceful pursuit—the champions of true manhood—who fell the forests and plant the wilderness with hamlets and nations. These men are overlooked, though the monuments of their toil and genius everywhere remain. But the world is becoming tired of this injustice, and is disposed to turn and study the lives of living, useful eminence. The story of every man who has accomplished a worthy work in himself, goes to inspire other men, and ennoble our manhood. We see in such a record that name and fame are not, necessarily, the reward alone of caste or title, but that men born in the humblest ranks—inheritors of poverty and obscurity—may rise, by force of industry, talent and virtue, to rival

> "The immortal names
> That are not born to die."

◆

LIFE'S BRIGHT SIDE.

It is a common saying that life has two sides—the one bright and cheering, the other dark and disheartening. Nor is this mere fancy. On the bright side we find the birth-right of fortune, friends, domestic harmony, and everything else calculated to offer a real welcome to the inheritor as he first opens his eyes to the little world of infancy. And as he grows up to years of discretion and self-reliance, and begins the world for himself, the periphery of his vision takes in, still, only prospects of wealth and comfort. On the other there is the birthright of poverty, domestic discord, friendlessness as to outside relations, and all else calculated to repel the young visitant, and make his advent *un*welcome. *His* growth is to only a too bitter realization of the adverse circumstances of his birth, which now follow and thwart his manly aspirations and endeavors! If he rises in fame or fortune, it must be without and in spite of the aids of which the child of fortune is so secure! "True," we think we hear some observant reader say, "but may he not *do* all this, as other heroic children have done before?" We answer, assuredly he may, if he has the capacity and will only look on the bright side of life. And this brings us to the point of the hope-lesson which we desire hereby to inculcate.

We believe it is in the power of many people to make life seem bright, or dark, at their will—nay, to render what at first *seems* so only, *really* so in the end. This they do by looking constantly on the dark side of their circumstances, instead of the bright side. Hence they see lowering clouds, and hear black, howling winds, where the more hopeful can detect favoring gales and rainbow-tinted skies!

Let us, then, look, as much as possible, on the bright side of our circumstances, as those who are determined to hopefully and perseveringly bend their circumstances to their wishes, instead of bending *to* their circumstances in the paralysis of despair. "*Nil desperandum*" is a motto which has a glorious significance to such as habitually look on the bright side of life!

◆

THE CONSERVATISM OF RURAL LIFE.

There is no spectacle, to a discriminating mind, more encouraging than the general unconcern of that great "stand-by" class of our people, the farmers, about the result of the party struggles which keep up such a clatter around them. Designing and selfish politicians, who prate of the interests of the "dear people" with their tongues, while they plot schemes for the public injury and their personal benefit in their corrupt hearts, appeal to their fears and prejudices in vain. They may talk of the Union being in danger, and of the salvation of the country depending solely on the election of a particular ticket and a certain set of candidates, but it goes, as the saying is, in at one ear and out at the other. The farmers may take the trouble to vote, but it is either done habitually, from a conviction that patriotism demands the use of their franchise, or merely to accommodate some importuning political neighbor or acquaintance, perhaps upon the principle of economy which some people follow in their bearing towards beggars, viz., to get rid of them at the least cost of time and money! Having deposited their votes, they return quietly to their farm-yards or fields, and resume the implements of their noble, yet unpretending calling, with the calm assurance that the Union is not in the slightest danger of dissolution, nor the country at all nearer to the brink of ruin than when they were first told of its "imminent danger," ten or twenty years ago!

Politicians and their parties may thrive in cities; they never can in the country. There, among those most approved specimens of God's handiwork—the honest tillers of the soil—the people rest secure in the vastness and variety of our glorious national heritage's resources, while the politicians are left to play their game among people more unnatural in their thoughts and feelings, and therefore more readily brought under their selfish and scheming control.

Heaven be thanked for the conservatism of rural life!

◆

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man: humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A WORD ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Heaven give our sex patience to read such trash as the following: "If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from her husband a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires."

Now, with my arms a-kimbo, I ask, *why* a woman should "expect" it? Is it because her husband claims to be her intellectual superior? Is it because he is his wife's natural protector? Is it because an unblest marriage lot is more tolerable to her susceptible organization and monotonous life, than to his hardier nature relieved by out-door occupations? Is it because the thousand diversions which society winks at and excuses in his case, are stamped in hers as guilty and unhallowed? Is it because maternity has never gasped out in his hearing its sacred agony? Is it because no future wife is to mourn in that man's imitative boy his father's low standard of a husband's duty?

Oh, away with such one-sided moralizing; that the law provides no escape from a brutal husband, who is breaking his wife's heart, unless he also attempts breaking her head, should be, and, I thank God, is, by every magnanimous and honorable man—and, alas, they are all too few—a wife's strongest defence. I have no patience with those who would reduce woman to a mere machine, to be twitched this way and twitched that, and jarred, and unharmonized at the dogged will of a stupid brute. (This does not sound pretty, I know; but when a woman is irritated, men "must expect to hear a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires!") I have no patience with those who preach one code of morality for the wife, and another for the husband. If the marriage vow allows him to absent himself from his home under cover of the darkness, scorning to give account of himself, it also allows it in her. There is no sex designated in the fifth commandment. "*Thou* shalt not," and "*thou*," and "*thou!*" There is no excuse that I have ever yet heard offered for a man's violation of it, that should not answer equally for his wife. What is right for him is just as right for her. It is right for neither. The weakness of their cause who plead for license in this sin, was never better shown than in a defence lately set up in this city, viz., that "without houses of infamy our wives and daughters would not be safe."

Oh, most shallow reasoner, *how safe* are our "wives and daughters" with them? Let our medical men, versed in the secrets of family histories, answer! Let weeping wives who mourn over little graves tell you.

But while women submit to have their wifely honor insulted, and their lives jeopardized by the legalized or un-legalized brutality of husbands, just so long they will have to suffer it, and I was going to say, just so long they *ought*. Let not those women who have too little self-respect to take their lives in their hands, and say to a dissolute husband, this you can never give, and this you shall not therefore take away—whine about "their lot." "But the children?" Aye—the children—shame that the law should come between them and a good mother! Still—better let her leave them, than remain to bring into the world their puny brothers and sisters. Does she shrink from the toil of self support? What toil, let me ask, could be more hopeless, more endless, *more degrading* than that from which she turns away?

There are all phases of misery. A case has recently come under my notice, of a wife rendered feeble by the frequently recurring cares and pains of maternity, whose husband penuriously refuses to obtain medical advice or household help, when her tottering step and trembling hands tell more eloquently than words of mine could do, her total unfitness for family duties. And this when he has a good business—when, as a mere matter of policy, it were dollars in his short-sighted pocket to hoard well her strength, who, in the pitying language of Him who will most surely avenge her cause, "hath done what she could."

Now I ask *you*, and *you*, and *you*, if this woman should lay down her life on the altar of that man's selfishness? I ask you if he is not her murderer, as truly, but not as mercifully, as if our most righteous, woman-protecting law saw him place the glittering knife at her throat? I ask you if she has not as God-given a right to her life, as he has to his? I ask you if, through fear of the world, she should stay there to die? I ask you if that world could be sterner, its eye colder, its heart flintier, its voice harsher, than that from which she turns—all honor to her self-sacrificing nature, *sorrowing* away?

Perhaps you ask, would I have a woman, for every trifling cause, "leave her husband and family?" Most emphatically, *No*. But there are aggravated cases for which the law provides no remedy—from which it affords no protection; and that hundreds of suffering women bear their chains because they have not courage to face a scandal-loving world, to whom it matters not a pin that their every nerve is quivering with suppressed agony, is no proof to the contrary of what I assert. What I say is this: in such cases, let a woman who *has the self-sustaining power* quietly take her fate in her own hands, and right herself. Of course she will be misjudged and abused. *It is for her to choose whether she can better bear this at hands from which she has a rightful claim for love and protection, or from a nine-days-wonder-loving public.* These are bold words; but they are needed words—words whose full import I have well considered, and from the responsibility of which I do not shrink.

Fanny Fern.

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COMMON SENSE FOR THE HARD TIMES.

Any afternoon of a pleasant day, when the ladies of New York are out in all their jewelry, crinoline and glory, it is safe to say that between St. Paul's Church and Union Square, there is flashing and rustling along the west side of Broadway at least a million of dollars' worth of jewelry and dry goods, at any moment between three and five o'clock, and that during the fashionable hours for the promenade, not less than two millions' worth are thus displayed. And yet, in the homes of many of these bedizened promenaders, ruin and dismay are stalking. There is plenty of finery in their houses but no comfort. There is money for the opera, but none to pay the hard-worked servants. There are mighty efforts made to "keep up appearances," but not a single honest attempt to do what reason and integrity require. Are such people deserving of sympathy? No. They deserve contempt and execration, rather. Let them sell their jewelry, and finery, and costly furniture, pay off and discharge their servants, move into humbler dwellings that they can pay the expense of, go to work all round, and conscientiously live within their means, however small they may be, and they will then know what peace and comfort are, and enjoy the respect and sympathy of all good and honest people.

OCEAN DISASTERS.

A mighty, mysterious, and terrible thing is the ocean—so mighty that when the gale lifts its waves and hurls them against the art and power of man the proudest ships are whelmed; so mysterious that no human knowledge can penetrate its depths; so terrible that even the earth trembles at its tread, and the strength of man cowers and is scattered as chaff on its bosom. Mighty, mysterious, and terrible ocean:

> "Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
> Stops with the shore, for on the watery plain
> His wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
> A single vestige of man's ravage, save his own,
> When, like some bubble burst, without a groan,
> He sinks unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

But not so sank they who went down in the ill-fated "Central America," a hecatomb whose dying yell might well appease the fiercest furies of the storm. Death, at the best, is the most awful shadow in the path of life. Prepared as we may be, its grim presence shocks us. And more awful when its blow comes unexpected—when the silver chord is loosened amid the crash and agony of great disasters, such as earth is called too frequently to witness. It is terrible enough to be wrecked on the earth; but more fearful out upon the ocean, where man can but feel, when all seems well, how utterly little and helpless he is when the *moving* elements are conjured for his destruction. To stand on the stoutest deck, far from land, and know that death is surely coming in the gale, the surge, or in fire and explosion—death with all its shapes of horror—what could be more intimidating to the bravest soul? Terrible fate! The storm rises, the ocean seethes and hisses, the frail craft strains and creaks in a vain struggle with nature, and when the fearful moment comes, all that paralyzed, despairing man can do is to shriek his own requiem as he is plunged into the abyss. Our wonder is, not so much that there is not more order and calmness in the face of an ocean wreck, but rather that human beings, brought to such a crisis, do not more wildly despair. If to shrink from death in its ordinary forms be only natural, how much more natural that man, and more timid woman, should recoil with horror from death in its most terrible form. And such is the death that hovers over the ocean wreck.

Ah, if human bravery, if self-sacrificing courage is ever lofty and worthy hymns of praise, it is when they nerve the "heroes of the sea" to stand fast to the post of duty, when that post is one of peril and death. The noble Herndon—to such as he the fate of empires might be trusted—if their own lives were the price of their fidelity. Let such be honored by a deathless remembrance. So all else may be saved in the hour of doom, they will stand up in the face of death—and dare to die. Yes, prefer to die at the post of duty, rather than live dishonored by one gleam of selfishness or cowardice. Aye, prefer to die, though life be sweet, and their years green and golden, and the tenderest ties pulling at their heart-chords from the far-away home, and beloved ones who shall see them no more.

Disasters, by sea and land, have ever been and ever will be. Their fearfulness cannot disarm them. They are a part of the fortune and destiny of man. He must forever seek to conquer nature—to subdue and triumph over the elements—and he must at times fail and be overwhelmed. It is his nature and lot—there is no especial providence about it. The volcano will burst, the earthquake will tramp, and the tornado will sweep, whether man be present or not. Out in deserts and wildernesses the great devastating phenomena of nature appear, equally as in the settled spaces of earth—and so, too, do the winds and tempests spur the ocean whether man be there or not. The elements must have their course, and if man tempts them he must meet their sport and their fury. No forecast can utterly hedge him from their perils—but every disaster may teach him some lesson for his safety and good. It may teach him greater care and prudence when he contends with superior powers. Perchance some such lesson may come from the late terrible ocean wreck—but above all other lessons, this and all like disasters, should teach us how impotent is man—how little in the hands of God—how pitiful in strength, and how poor in all but his immortal hopes, in the hour of sudden death.

◆

THE SEASON.

Out upon him who sang of Autumn—

> 'The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

What! this a sad season, which beholds the ripened and abundant harvest gathered golden to the garners; which beholds the orchards and vines bending with luscious fruitage, gladdening to the eye and heart of man; which beholds the visage of nature taking on manifold splendors—the woods blushing yellow and crimson, and purple and gold, and the skies reveling in perfect azure, or in cloud-garments, gorgeously piled to the zenith or streaking the horizon, flaming with all the colors of the prism? Nay, it is a glad and glorious season—the crown and luster of the year. It may be sad to those who have gathered nothing through the seasons that are past—those who planted not in the Spring, nor tended in the Summer. But not so to the harvester, with hand, or heart, or brain. He feels a large joy under the October sun, and gazes with rapture on earth, and sea, and sky. There is a fullness and ripeness in Autumn that delights the manly soul. Each bursting tint, on flower and leaf, bespeaks to him the marvelous splendor of nature and the illimitable resources of God. June and October are the jewels in the girdle of the year—and October the most beautiful. Go out into the fields and upon the mountains, O denizen of the city, and behold how fair is her face, and how magnificent her apparel. She walks abroad in beauty, a garlanded queen. Her chariot flashes through the gates of the loveliest mornings; her coursers tread the mottled purplings of the rarest sunsets. Her breath is fragrance, her countenance is light! She is October, peerless among her sisters—

> "The fair twelve,
> That do all seasons form and fill,
> And circle the revolving year."

◆

True Usefulness.—The usefulness of a man is not to be estimated by the length of time during which he is employed, but by the character of the resources, powers, and qualifications which he combines, and puts vigorously in operation, while he is engaged in any undertaking. Some men will be more useful in *an hour* than others will be in *a year*.

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Life and Cost of a Locomotive.—The life of a locomotive is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand miles; and the value of a first-rate engine is some $12,000. It follows, therefore, that every mile a locomotive runs costs just eight cents,—besides fuel, fireman, and engineer.

◆

A spoiled child is an unfortunate victim, who proves the weakness of his parents' judgment much more forcibly than the strength of their affection.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Posthumous glory is a revenue payable to our ghosts; a Will-o'-the-Wisp; an exhalation rising from the ashes and corruption of the body; the glow-worm of the grave; a Jack-o'-lantern, of which a skeleton is the Jack, and the lantern a dark one; the brief twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun. "Ashes to ashes" may be said of our fame as well as of our frame. When the earth is cast upon our coffin, it sends up a hollow sound, which, after a faint echo, dies and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. Living glory is the advantage of being known to those you don't know. Posthumous glory is enjoying a celebrity from which you can derive no enjoyment, and enabling every puppy in existence to feel and assert his superiority over you by repeating the old dictum that "a living dog is better than a dead lion."

Precept without example is worth little. A guide-board may point out the right road without being expected to follow it; but human finger-posts, especially teachers and preachers, have not the same privilege. When a man's life gives his tongue the lie, we naturally believe the former rather than the latter. Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose nearly all their utility. Tertullian says that "even our writings blush when our actions do not correspond with them." Should not this inconsistency rather produce a contrary effect and prevent our writings from being *read*?

A Court House was burned down on the 20th ult. in Tennessee. The work is supposed to have been done by a gang of desperadoes. It is in vain, however, for men to seek to escape the decrees of justice by such means. If the blind goddess of the sword and scales be driven from her temple, she can hold her court under the humblest roof, or even under the broad blue sky, with her scales supended in the open air, and her sword flashing in the sun.

We hate to see a lady walking about with a footman after her. It would be better if she were to wear a large label upon her back, inscribed, "I keep a footman." The fair label-bearer would thus carry her footman on her back instead of having him always in her head, and would still have due credit for her aristocracy.

Praise costs us nothing, yet we are oftentimes unwilling to bestow it upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

There are many chances in favor of the sufferers from poverty. A distinguished chief justice once said to a rich friend who asked his opinion as to the probable success of his son at the Bar, "Let him spend his own fortune forthwith, marry and spend his wife's, and then he may be expected to apply himself to his profession."

One thing we would counsel to authors—never to make any allusion to themselves. If from sheer modesty they speak disparagingly of their own works, their averments are set down for gospel; if they assume the smallest merit, they are charged with inordinate vanity. Silence is sapience.

"I shall not appoint a day of Thanksgiving," said one of our Governors to a Committee that waited on him upon the subject. "Well, then," replied a member of the Committee, "the people will, by common consent, take for that purpose the day of your retirement from office."

Practice does not always make perfect. Curran, when told by his physician that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied, "That is odd enough, for I have been practising all night."

We are apt to feel bound to acknowledge the kindness of those who flatter us with pleasant falsehoods. The bald wife of Seleucus gave six hundred crowns to a poet who extolled the beauty and profusion of her hair

"I like my man since his defeat as a candidate for re-election better than I did before," said a disappointed voter. "So do I," said his opponent. "I like every man best in his proper place."

Many a person utters an offensive witticism in reply to a friend for no better reason than the boy gave for knocking his father down—"He stood so fair, I couldn't help it."

A vivid idea of the weakness of chicken-soup was conveyed in the wag's query to his wife at dinner—"can't you coax that chicken to wade through this soup once more?"

A lady was requested by a bachelor, somewhat advanced in life, to take a seat on his lap in a crowded vehicle. "Thank you, sir, I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

It has been said that as true a thing as ever was uttered at a public dinner was: "Hoops and the Equator—crinoline and the equinoctional line—the one encircles the earth, the other the heavens.

A contemporary, speaking of one of our Western towns, says, "Just think of a community all lawyers and doctors." Indeed we would rather not.

An Illinois editor asks how to kill humbugs. Let him take a little prussic acid and he will dispatch one very summarily.

An uncourteous editor says, that, if he wanted a fit opponent for us, he "would send to the penitentiary." We fear he is far less likely to *send* than *go*.

The Grand Jurymen of one of our councils have presented the County Jail as a nuisance. We fear that some of them owe it a personal grudge.

The Theaters in the West are generally doing a very excellent business. We presume the Managers may thank their "*stars*."

The Tobacco-chewer has been likened to a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A party of young men, who were lately out hunting near the Bayou Sarah, on the Mississippi, were sauntering along near the bank of that stream, when their attention was arrested by a tremendous splashing in the water, accompanied by a bellowing sound. On hastening to a point of view, they beheld a large alligator dragging a cow into the Bayou. They at once shouted and fired at the monster, but he kept his grip upon his victim, though one of the shots took effect in his left eye. As soon as he got into deep water, he and the cow disappeared beneath its surface, which continued to be agitated by bubbles for sometime, until at last its crimson hue showed them that the alligator was gorging himself upon his victim's carcass.

There is a rumor that a wealthy, witty, and beautiful Fifth avenue lady has recently left her elegant home and her family and run off with a negro-minstrel. If this be so, we think the lady must be the one whom the poet had in his prophetic eye when he declared to "Frailty" that her "name is Woman."

A boy of sixteen years, named Henry Loder, while recently seeking for his father's cows in the woods of Jefferson county in this State, was attacked by a young wild-cat, which scratched out one of his eyes, and otherwise severely injured him before he succeeded in overcoming and killing it.

A vicious young lad, named Samuel Greene, whose parents live in the Ninth Avenue, on being reproved, a few days since, for improper conduct, by his mother, revenged himself by putting a live coal from the grate upon the neck of his little infant sister, that was asleep in the cradle.

It is stated that a man "out West" has at last invented the real bona fide perpetual motion, and that "when his machine is once set a-going it will run till it wears out." We might put some faith in this had not the same thing been said a myriad times before.

No less than three confidential clerks were recently detected in one day by their employers in this city in large embezzlements. They were all young men, and declared they owed their ruin to association with disreputable females.

There is a Mrs. Hays in Warren county, in this State, who is said to live without eating, the report being attested by many respectable witnesses. In these hard times, such a person has an immense advantage over all the rest of the world.

Mary Ann Colton, a beautiful girl of seventeen, who lived in the Moyamensing district, Philadelphia, committed suicide, a few evenings since, by taking laudanum. Cause, desertion by a false lover.

It is reported that a huge serpent has been repeatedly seen of late in Lake Champlain, near Crown Point. It is perhaps the famous sea-serpent, who has been making that fashionable locality a visit.

An infant child of Mrs. Dorymus, a widow lady residing in South Brooklyn, swallowed several rusty carpet tacks a few days since, which caused its death.

The Emperor of Russia, in a recent ukase, called our mother tongue the *American* language, thereby ratifying one plank of "Young America's" platform.

The population of Milwaukee has more than doubled in the last seven years.

TO EDGAR.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Your delicate, lovable letter,
Like a draught of rich Lydian wine,
In a beaker of scintillant crystal,
With arabesques dainty and fine,
I have drained to the lees, and thrice over,
As the bee sips the honey-dew up,
But still the rich hue, and the odor
Of violets stay in the cup!

I have pleaded, in vain, of the morning,
The delicate blood of the rose,
The spiritual bloom of the lily,
And the scent of each blossom that grows;
The muses deny my poor missive,
The Nectar of spirits divine,
So I send you a cup of cold water
For your draught of rare Lydian wine.

LADY CLAUDINE;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

The father of Emma Stanley had left the little room in the Bell Inn but a few moments when the fair girl, who had assumed, to sustain him in his deep depression, a cheerfulness which came from a heart full of tears, laid her face upon her white arms crossed upon the table, and for a few moments wept with the total abandonment of overcharged feelings. Her shining hair fell in lustrous splendor over her arms and upon the table, forming a veil of womanly glory over her lovely face. She looked like a weeping Magdelene, only without her sin!

After a brief space devoted to these natural emotions, she raised her face and put back from her forehead her cloud of golden hair, and said, sadly—

"I fear my father is right. Charles may, as all the world will, turn coldly from the daughter of a poor soldier!"

"Nay, Miss Emma," said a young and pretty rustic woman, with rosy cheeks and jetty locks, tied coquettishly with a scarlet ribbon. Her small waist and full bust, her light step and cheery voice, made her a very attractive little body; and, while standing, she closed the door of the inner room, from which she had come, and where she had been trying to arrange in a trunk what few articles had been saved from her young mistress's consumed wardrobe; for this buxom lass was her waiting-maid. Notwithstanding the exciting scenes of the past night, she was as neat and tidy, and as much at her ease as if she were still with her young mistress in her own elegant toilet-chamber. "Nay, dear lady, Sir Charles loves you too well! He isn't like other great people; and, then, what is the dowry you've lost, (and which loss the Colonel thinks will make him give you the cold shoulder,) to what he is worth? It is but a drop in the bucket! If I might speak my mind, I think he will love you a great deal better now!"

"I cannot say, Hetty," said Emma, shaking her head.

"Has he not engaged himself to you only three days ago? Does he not know you love him with all your heart? Is he not a perfect gentleman, and as good and generous as he is handsome? He gave me such a beautiful pair of bracelets the very evening you accepted him, he was so happy; because, he said, I had some trouble in sitting up so late for him to go; though, dear knows, I would have sat up all night for your sakes! So don't spoil your eyes Sir Charles admires so much, dear mistress. Look! there goes by in her carriage Sir Charles' handsome sister, you said you had never seen! Quick, mistress Emma!"

"Lady Claudine?"

"Yes. See! Her face is turned this way!"

"How lovely, and what grace in her air and the movements of her head!" said Emma, with undisguised admiration.

"Don't you think she looks like Sir Charles?"

"Yes—only pale—very pale! Hetty, beautiful and rich as she is, be sure that she is unhappy! I perceive a stamp of sorrow and anxiety impressed upon her exquisite features."

"They say her husband is very dissipated, mistress. She has ordered her coachman to stop at that Justice's house on the other side of the street. She is going in!"

"A visit, no doubt, of business! How firm and yet light her step is! Oh, she must be, with such a sweet face and form, a being to be loved! I should so love to know her! And, Hetty, Sir Charles has expressed, now that we are engaged, a desire to have us know each other! But, alas! not now—not now, I fear! I, a penniless girl, can never hope to become the sister-in-law of that rich and high-born lady! It is presumption in me to think of it. No, no. I will try and give him up—though it will—break my heart!" she said, in a touching tone, unheard by her maid.

After a few minutes' delay in the house of the magistrate, Lady Claudine re-appeared. As she entered her carriage her eyes crossed the street and fell upon the face—lovely as her own—of Emma Stanley looking from the inn window. Instinctively she arrested her foot upon the carriage-step, and looked earnestly and admiringly, and with an expression as if surprised to see in so humble a place so beautiful a person. The next moment the carriage drove on, but Lady Claudine looked back, and the eyes of the two lovely women met! Emma blushed and shrunk away, saying from her heart—

"Oh, I could love that Lady Claudine with all my soul! How happy I should be to call such a woman my friend!"

"You will call her sister one day, Miss Emma," said Hetty Harker, in whom our readers have, by this time, probably recognized the rosy daughter of Andrew the shepherd; who, several years before, gave to Lady Claudine the glass of water, on that stormy and eventful night when Brinsley Oakes first beheld her. It was the year after this that Colonel Stanley and his daughter, in crossing Salisbury Plains, stopped at Andrew's dwelling to repair their harness, and where Emma became so interested in his pretty daughter that subsequently she prevailed upon her to take service with her; and between the two had sprung up, on one side, affection, and on the other confidence, in such a degree that they were as much attached, one to the other, as two could be, holding so different positions and opposite relations to each other.

"No, Hetty, no! That sweet dream is passed!"

"There is a quick knock at the door! Who can it be? I hope no more horrid policemen!"

"Policemen are to be of service to my dear father, in aiding him to recover his pocket-book."

"Ah, me! But for that wicked robbery he would not be so poor. Eight thousand pounds is enough to make a king rich, Miss Emma! Shall I unlock the door and see who it is?"

"Yes. I fear no rude intruders here, though the inn is humble."

Hetty opened the door, and there stood before it a gentleman dressed in fine gray cloth, and wearing an East Indian shawl, and a palm-leaf hat. His face was strikingly handsome, but dark almost to swarthiness; and his black, frankly open eyes and moustache gave him the aspect of an Orientalist. He was a young man, at least, was not more than five or six and thirty. That he was a thorough-bred man and polished gentleman was apparent at a glance.

"It is a strange gentleman, Miss Emma," exclaimed Hetty, courtesying, and yet keeping the door so nearly closed upon him that he could not enter.

"This is Colonel Stanley's room?" he asked, in a pleasing voice. "I was told by the landlord I should find him if I came to this apartment."

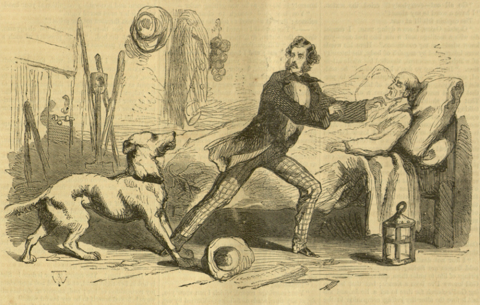
The voice was singularly musical and richly modulated, and, Emma approaching, bade Hetty to open the door. Upon seeing him, she saluted him with a graceful bend of the head and a smile, both of which he elegantly acknowledged, and then said, fixing his noble black eyes upon her with a respectful gaze,—

"I must apologize for this intrusion; but on inquiring below for Colonel Stanley, I was directed here, the host being too busy to send my name before me. Miss Stanley, I presume, I am addressing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Permit me to introduce myself to you as Lord Argyll Heathcoate."

"The brother of Sir Charles?" Emma was half on the point of exclaiming; but she checked her words and blushed deeply; and this blush to Lord Argyll betrayed, far more eloquently than anything she could have said, how any one near to his brother Charles, was dear to her.



THE WOLF-DOG PROTECTING HIS DYING MASTER AGAINST CAPTAIN OAKES.

"He tells me truly," he said to himself. "She loves him with all her heart; and is as beautiful as Psyche, and modest withal! I'm half in love with her myself!"

"My father, my lord," she said, in as quiet and self-possessed manner as she could command; for she felt her fate in some way was connected with this visit of her lover's brother, "will regret not being in. He has gone to the prison; but if you will do me the honor to sit down and wait a little while, he will be back."

"With the greatest pleasure, Miss Stanley; but how do you mean, when you say your father has gone to the prison?"

"At the request of the Chief of Police, to see if he can recognize the two persons who are under arrest as being suspected of robbing him."

"Robbing? Your father robbed?" repeated Lord Argyll, with amazement. "When was this?"

"Last night, my lord——"

"Oh, at that sad fire, I presume. Yes, at such times pilferers are ever on the alert. I heard, only an hour ago, of the calamity which had befallen you! Indeed, we saw the glare of the conflagration from my country seat, some miles out of town; but it was only as I was riding in that the mail met me, and the guard told me that St. Andrew's church had been burned, and the residence of Colonel Stanley. I at once hastened to find your father. It is enough to be burned out without being robbed at the fire which consumes our goods! I trust he did not lose some bank notes I paid him last evening, in part for a place I bought of him."

"Not at the fire, my lord. Was it from your lordship he received six thousand pounds last night?"

"Yes, in Bank of England notes! Are they safe? for he told me he was going home to place them in a drawer of his cabinet; and perhaps they are lost?" said Lord Argyll, anxiously.

"They are lost, my lord, but not by fire. My father was robbed on coming into the city last night of eight thousand pounds and a little over. Among this were six thousand which, he told me, he had received from some gentleman. I do not recollect if he mentioned the name."

"It was from me! Robbed of it, and how?"

Here Emma gave Lord Argyll the particulars so far as she knew them.

"This is very extraordinary," he said, after listening with deep interest to her narration of the robbery. "Two men in prison, you say, and he has gone to see if he can recognize them?"

"Yes, my lord! Yet he is sure but one attacked him."

"Between the two I trust they have the rogue. I am seriously sorry to hear this. I heard of the burning of Penlyon House, your home, and came at once to offer to your father and his daughter (whom I regret I had not the pleasure of meeting before!) the place which I bought of him yesterday, until your future course is decided upon."

"You are very kind, my lord," said Emma, with emotion, and feeling her heart too large for her bodice to hold it—it was so full of gratitude. "My father and I thank you. He will soon be in. But he has decided to leave for London to-morrow; and also, but an hour since he has declined a similar offer from Captain Oakes."

"From Captain Oakes?" and the face of Lord Argyll betrayed the utmost surprise. "From him? When did you know that gentleman?"

"We never saw him, my lord, until an hour since he came hither to offer his hospitality. But my father seemed to take—I mean—thought he had somewhere met him before,—he could not say where or when, but under unpleasant circumstances; and he declined, especially as we go to London to-morrow, to remain."

"But I am not Captain Oakes," said Lord Argyll, with an ironical tone; "and I offer to your father his own house, only parted from yesterday."

"Perhaps, my lord, he will accept it," answered Emma, whose thoughts each moment run upon Charles (Sir Charles Heathcoate), and whether his lordship knew of their relation to one another, or, if he knew it, he would speak so kindly, and be so friendly, considering she was now a poor soldier's daughter, who even expected, in spite of her father's pride, yet to resort to her needle to aid in their mutual maintenance.

"I trust he will! He needs friends now." Lord Argyll then looked steadily at the fair girl, and said:

"My brother Charles, Miss Stanley, will feel much anxiety when he hears that you have been driven from your home by fire."

"Sir—do—I mean—is——" Speech failed her from joy, suspense, and confusion, and trembling hope! "Is it possible that he knows our love, and approves of it, even now?" was her agitated mental interrogation.

"You rightly understand me, Miss Stanley," answered Lord Argyll, whose sagacious eye read clearly her thoughts by the visible expression upon her face; even as you, dear reader, read in these imprinted words before you the meaning of solid types, though you see them not, so the emotions of her heart printed themselves upon the fair surface of the maiden's face, read easily by eyes that experience and study had taught the art of interpretation of love's emotions. "Sir Charles, my brother, who went up to London two days ago, has told me his secret. Nay, do not be too deeply excited! We have no secrets from each other. I had not seen you, but trusting in his judgment and taste, I approved on the hearing of the ear; but now that I have seen you, I must say," he added, smilingly, "it is well for Charles he saw you first, or I would have stolen ahead of him! Nay, pardon me. I did not mean to confuse you, nor to flatter myself so impudently, for my younger brother has ever had the advantage of me in the favorable regard of your sex. Permit me, my dear Miss Stanley, to take your hand, as your brother elect, and ere long I hope I shall have the honor of claiming you as my sister!"

Emma turned rosy and then pale, as the conflicting emotions of hope and fear struggled within her throbbing bosom.

"My lord, you are very gracious! but—but—sir——"

"What means this emotion?" he asked, with a look of deep concern, extending his arm to support her, believing she was about to fall to the floor.

"I will speak frankly, my lord!" she said, recovering herself, "since you know of my engagement with Sir Charles——"

"Speak freely! you have only sympathy and protection to expect from his brother."

"When Sir Charles engaged himself to me, my lord, I was not, as now, penniless. He knew that my father, whose only child I am, would give with me a dower of twenty thousand pounds. Now, my lord, this is no longer possible. All my father was worth was either destroyed in the conflagration, with valuable papers and vouchers of other property, or taken from him by the highwayman. I ought, therefore, no longer to expect Sir Charles to——"

"Tut, tut, my dear Miss Stanley," said Lord Argyll, laughing good-naturedly, "you distress yourself unnecessarily."

"Didn't I tell you so, Miss Emma!" exclaimed Hetty, with joyful looks.

"That's right, young woman! You did well to cheer her up if her thoughts take this direction. No, Miss Stanley, you should have a higher opinion of my brother. Why, bless me, you are a dowry weighed down twice over—of more value than solid gold. I would give half my estate for you, and take you only with a wedding-ring on your finger! Don't color so easily at a kind friend's speeches! I esteem you and honor you, and feel already as if I had known you a dozen years! Sir Charles, my brother, is as generous and true as he is good, and I have no doubt he will love you a great deal more, since, if you have lost everything, everything you are to have is to come from his hand. We love those most on whom we bestow most! 'That is why,' my chaplain told me only last Sunday, 'God loves men, wicked as they are too, because He has bestowed upon them—given them his own son—the richest gift in his power to bestow.' No, no, put your little heart at rest, child. My brother will be back from London as soon as the news reaches him, you may be sure; and he will get it by the morning papers."

"You make me so happy, my lord," said Emma, with frankness and a joyous smile. "But there is one thing, my lord, since you have been so friendly, and shown so much sympathy, and put my fears so at rest."

"And what is that, Miss Emma?"

"My father will not consent to my keeping my pledge with Sir Charles."

"And why, prey?"

"Because his pride forbids, he says, giving a fortuneless daughter to any one."

"I see!—I comprehend!" said his lordship, smiling: "I will arrange all that. These old soldiers are as proud as Mars, and the less money they have the prouder they are, and when nothing is left them but their swords, they are as haughty as emperors."

Emma smiled, and said again:

"I am relieved, my lord, of a great weight."

"It was a Providence that sent me hither, then!"

"Now, my mistress, did I not tell you you need not take on?" cried Hetty, with the air of one who has gained a victory.

"You are a girl of good sense," said Lord Argyll, turning to her. Then addressing Emma Stanley, he added: "If you will tell me by what street I shall be likely to meet your father, I will no longer intrude upon you."

"He is now here, my lord," she answered, hearing his footsteps on the stairs. The door opened, and he entered. His surprise at recognizing Lord Argyll was clearly visible in his face.

"What—my Lord Argyll! How have you discovered us in this place?"

"Easily, Colonel. I heard of your great loss, and come to take you and your daughter right down to your cottage at Rock-glen, and urge you to occupy it as long as you please; for you know it is one half yours, as I still owe you six thousand pounds on the price."

"I cannot but feel deeply the kindness of your lordship. I will at once accept it," he answered, greatly to the surprise of Emma, who feared a positive refusal. "I accept it in the same spirit in which you offer it!"

"This pleases me."

"It will, I find from the magistrate's word, be necessary for me to remain in Bath some days about this robbery; and for Emma's sake, I will gladly change this inn for more agreeable accommodations, especially as they are rooms and roof dear to her and to me. And since you have not yet entered upon possession, I shall not put you to any inconvenience."

"Not in the least! You see I am victor, Miss Emma. But I am truly grieved, my dear Colonel, to know—which I did not, until your fair daughter told me—that you were robbed by a highwayman coming home last night!"

"Yes—a great outrage! The fellow was bold and desperate! He even tried to shoot me down with a pistol, when I struggled with him, and did kill my horse on the spot; and in the contest that followed, he obtained, I know not how, my pocket-book, with its contents! Seeing one or two other persons in the shadows of the trees, and believing I still had my money safe, I determined to escape ere it could be taken from me by those I supposed were accomplices. But judge my horror when, on safely reaching home, giving alarm by the way to one or two of the police, I found my pocket-book and money gone!"

"This was a bold robbery!"

"And not only this loss befell me, my lord, but three hours afterwards my house was set on fire, as you know, and burned to the ground!"

"Set on fire?"

"Clearly; there were proofs of its being the act of an incendiary," said Colonel Stanley, very positively, "in the discovery of a bundle of combustibles half consumed, where the fire first originated."

"What could have been the motive? I trust the incendiary will be detected."

Colonel Stanley shook his head. "It would do no good, my lord! It would restore me nothing. I am told that the sexton of St. Andrew's church, which adjoined my residence, and was destroyed, was severely burned in trying to save the chalices and other plate which were in the vestry-room, and will not live. So there is murder as well as arson done!"

"Thank Heaven you and your daughter, Miss Emma, are safe. Now I beg you will at once go with me in my carriage to Rock Glen. In an hour from now you will be there, and have at least a home over your head."

"God bless you, my lord! I am deeply affected by your kind and generous offer. Come, Emma, dear, let us not keep good Lord Argyll waiting."

In a few moments the whole party, not including the pretty Hetty, who remained to do some errands, were seated in Lord Argyll's phæton, and on their way out of Bath towards Rock Glen. As they rode along the road by which Colonel Stanley had come the evening previous, the latter remarked, in crossing two intersecting roads in the suburbs—

"Here, Emma, is the very spot where his lordship paid me the unfortunate six thousand pounds, we both being on horseback at the time."

"Yes," said Lord Argyll; "and I have been thinking, when I reflect how very soon afterwards you were attacked——"

"Not ten minutes——"

"Yes—and this brief space of time leads me to suspect that a horseman whom I now recollect seeing dismount and fasten the girth of his saddle under that oak by the way side, may have overheard our conversation, and perhaps seen me—for it was not too dark—pay you the bank notes! Do you recollect seeing such a person in the shades of the branches there?" and Lord Argyll pointed in the direction his words indicated.

"No, my lord. I am something near-sighted."

"I saw him clearly, but thought nothing of it at the time. He was full fifty yards off. But now I begin to have my suspicions of him." Here at the command of his lordship, the coachman stopped the horses. "You perceive that from that tree to the intersection of the roads we could be heard, especially, as is my wont, I spoke somewhat loudly in telling you to take good care of your pocket-book. It was the edge of evening, too, when sounds are heard further than in the full day."

"Without doubt, my lord, he could have heard you," said the colonel, measuring the distance between the two points with his eyes. "But the man who robbed me soon after was on foot."

"It was very easy for him to leave his horse and follow you on foot."

"True! But what clue does this furnish to the detection of the robber, my lord?" asked Colonel Stanley, despondingly, and looking very gloomy as the thoughts of his succession of losses and calamities rushed like an incoming tide of bitter and overwhelming waters upon his soul. "You did not see his face, my lord?"

"No. His back was towards me, and his whole person was indistinct. I could not describe even the color of his clothes."

"See, dear father! There is a glove, or what looks like one, upon the ground beneath that oak," said Emma.

"A canary colored glove!" exclaimed Lord Argyll, at once springing from the carriage, and absolutely running to take it up. "This is a gentleman's glove, too, not a boor's, and will, I verily believe, match the one you showed to me, which you snatched in your struggle with the highwayman!"

"This is a wonderful coincidence, at least," said Colonel Stanley, and his hand trembled with agitation as he unbuttoned his pocket, and felt for the glove which the police chief had returned to him after looking at it, with instructions to retain it as evidence, so far as it would go, on the trial. "Look! Here it is, my lord! They are a pair!"

"They match completely!" cried Lord Argyll, seizing the glove and holding them up together to their gaze. "The one I found is the left to the right one you took from him."

"This is the providence of God!" said Miss Stanley, with emotion. "The two gloves belong to the same person!"

"Yes. This is clear! Now do I, Colonel Stanley," continued Lord Argyll, "begin to have hopes that your highwayman will yet turn up. Here are signs, one by one, unfolding a thread to the unraveling of the mystery. This looks as if a Power higher than all the artful concealments to which guilt resorts to screen itself, is at work in this matter. Let us hope and trust to a good and omniscient Providence! One thing is now proven: That the man I saw tightening the girths of his saddle under the tree, during which, having taken off his glove, probably to handle the buckle easier, and dropped it unknowingly, is one and the same with the robber."

"Of this there can be no doubt, my lord. I noticed, I now recollect, that he had no glove on the hand that held the pistol, while I grasped the other, and in wrestling with him, the glove upon it remained in my hand, torn as you see it. But I fear these gloves will be forever silent."

"Be sure He who has put such evidence in our way, will, in good time, give them tongues to speak. Another fact is established. Your highwayman is a gentleman—that is, a man with the outward conditions of a gentleman. These gloves are of the most expensive Parisian make. Not Miss Emma's fair hand ever graced more delicate ones in texture and tint. The horseman that I saw under that tree, though I distinguished neither his face nor the sort of dress he wore, was evidently a man of fashion, from the general outlines of his appearance, and his horse was a dappled gray, for this I recollect perfectly well; for I am such a fancier of horses, Colonel, that a man might pass me, if remarkably well mounted, in broad day, and I could not tell you anything about him, while I could describe to you all the points of the animal he rode; as some eyes, when they encounter a man with a pretty woman by his side, notice only the woman. These gloves are valuable to us, Miss Stanley. Be sure something will come of them. Will you, Colonel, trust me with them for a time?"

"I will gladly do so, my lord. But do not put yourself to the trouble which following up this very uncertain cue will occasion you. But one thing is certain, my lord; neither of those persons whom I saw in prison is the robber! One of them is a head taller, and far slenderer than the highwayman, and is a footman, I learn, in the family of Captain Brinsley Oakes."

"Say you?" exclaimed Lord Argyll, with a start.

"Yes. His name is Stephenson. His hand, moreover, could never have worn the glove, for I tested that fact. And I at once stated my certain conviction of his innocence; but the justice detains him till to-morrow, when he will be brought before him to be examined as to suspected complicity, being present in the lane."

"I know this Thomas. I believed him an honest fellow; and think you are right in your opinion of his innocence. And the other?"

"A mere youth—an uneducated shepherd boy, but yesterday from Salisbury Plains, where he has passed his life. The only thing suspicious about him is that he refuses to tell, or else cannot, how and when he came to this city, and for what purpose. He is very tall for his age—which cannot be more than sixteen—and has a fine, frank, brown face."

"Could he wear the glove?"

"Yes, it fitted him; but he put it on as awkward as if he had never had one on before."

"That may have beeen a feint."

"Had he a good figure—genteel? Could he in shadow and twilight be mistaken for a person in good society? You know what I mean! Is his physique and form manly and erect?"

Singularly so; being remarkably well formed; and if dressed well would look outwardly like a well-bred young man. But his speech is a *patois* of the Plains, and his countenance indicates total want of intellectual cultivation.

"He refuses, you say, to say how he came to Bath?"

"Yes, my lord."

"This looks badly for him. From all your accounts of him, I am inclined to believe you have found the right man. The criminal records show that some of the boldest crimes have been planned and executed by mere lads! But to-morrow we will all be present at Sir Henry Dalton's house, the magistrate, and see what the examination elicits. Drive on," said Lord Argyll, to the coachman.

"But how should a shepherd's boy have Parisian gloves, my lord?" asked Emma, who had listened with the deepest interest to the conversation.

"No one knows! Perhaps the spoils of a previous robbery."

"One thing perplexes me," said Colonel Stanley, thoughtfully, "and leads me to think it could not be this youth. The highwayman's voice was different, and was quick, stern, commanding in its tones; and had that educated finish and precision which is never found among the illiterate and the provincials."

"There is a great deal in that," said Lord Argyll; "but to-morrow will throw some light on this mystery."

Leaving the phæton and its party on the way to Rock Glen, we will now return to the Inn

CHAPTER XI.

When Brinsley Oakes entered the little rear room of the Bell Inn, into which, as he descended the steps from Colonel Stanley's apartment a stranger had asked him, saying he had a message from him, he closely scrutinized the man's face, to see if he recognized him as one before met: but the features were wholly unknown to his recollection.

The man was dark-visaged and low-browed, with a cadaverous complexion, made more sepulchral by the blackness of his heavy brows and short-cropped hair. He was squarely made across the shoulders, and his coarse jacket was soiled with fresh earth. There was something repulsive in the man; and Brinsley Oakes bade him to keep at a distance and say what his business was with him.

"Old Trimble sent me," responded the man, in a coarse voice, while his narrow grey eyes, one of which was blanched with a fishy looking film over the pupil, giving him a hideous squint to the left, blinked and winked as if he had perpetrated a merry jest.

"Who is Trimble, man?"

"Don't know him? Everybody I reckon'd know'd who ole Trimble is! Doant know naow, 'll be loikely to know by and bye!"

"You are impertinent or stupid! Who and what are you?"

"I be Jakes!"

"And what are you?"

"I be ol' un's 'prentice lad! Been his lad this thirty odd year! Digged more graves than any ither lad i' forty yearn."

"Are you a grave digger?" exclaimed Brinsley Oakes, his impatience, which was about to burst out, changed into horror of the man at this suspicion.

"Yees. I reckoned you 'membered me!"

"What do you mean?"

"Wall, I'd jis' digged a grave for old daddy Taft, an' was a leanin' over it on my spade when I seed you and that lady go into Welton Church to get married. I reckon 'twas seventeen yearn agone come next Whitsuntide. I knows the day, cos' old Taft wor put in his grave that day. I reckoned you'd 'member me; cos I 'members all 'bout it!"

"The devil you do!" exclaimed, as soon as he could recover his voice to speak, the startled and amazed officer.

"Oh yiss; and when old Trimble axed me this mornin' if I could find you, I telled him yiss, I could; for I never forgets no man when I puts his vizz once under my one eye."

"Is old Trimble the head grave-digger at Wilton Church, and did he send you to me? Is this what you wish to say?"

"Well, he used to be onct; but he out been for seven year, for you see the ol' un loves money, and they paid him more when the new church was built seven years agone, wot wos burned up last night."

Brinsley mustered courage to ask him the following question, coming close to him and speaking in a low voice:

"Was Trimble the name of the sexton—who you know—who was at Welton the day you say you saw me?"

"Yiss."

"And he is now at St. Andrews?"

"He wor; but there beent no St. Andrews now," and the eyes winked humorously.

"Did he send you to me?" and a painful fear and annoying suspicion stirred like a biting adder at his breast.

"Yiss, he did! He wants you to come quick! He doant expect to live to noontide," and the assistant grave-digger gave utterance to a low chuckle of inward satisfaction; perhaps he was enjoying the idea of promotion when he should open the earth to place therein the body of his master, to lie down at last with all the host of the dead his hand had buried

"Is he dying?" and the face of Brinsley Oakes looked brighter

"Yiss. He is burned almost crisp! The doctor says he'll die to-day. Poor old man! He leaves twelve children, and not a stiver to buy 'em a loaf."

"What does he want with me?"

"Don' kno'! Ye may gang and see for yoursen."

Brinsley was at first prompted to treat this request with derision. But guilt is always fearful. It has no faith in anything but a recompensing judgment. It apprehends the worst, because it feels that it deserves the worst!

"Where is he?"

"In his own housen, nigh by where the church stood."

"I will go with you. Lead on; but keep well in advance!"

The next moment Captain Oakes was upon the street following his guide. How conscious crime made him obey the wish of one he would have spurned with his foot. Crime forges chains which the lowest hind, if once in his power the perpetrator puts himself, can take up and lead him by the neck whithersoever he will. "His servant we are to whom we obey," said an inspired man. Guilt had made the haughty Brinsley Oakes the servant of old Trimble.

"What can this sexton want?" he asked himself, as he followed Jakes through the by-streets of Bath. "I am in the power of his tongue, if he consents to perjure himself. I dare not, therefore, disobey his message."

At length Jakes reached the door of a humble stone dwelling not far from the still smouldering ruins of the church. Brinsley saw the walls of Penlyon House standing tall and naked—sad memento of the magnitude and splendor of the edifice occupied by Colonel Stanley and his daughter.

"Coom in! He be livin' here," said Jakes, opening the door.

Stooping beneath the low lintel, Captain Oakes, as if led passively by fate, entered. He heard groans from an inner room as he followed the guide into it. Upon a bed the disfigured and bandaged form of the old sexton caught his eye, but he advanced resolutely.

"Is the Capt'n come, Jakes?" groaned Trimble, with anguish.

"Yiss. Here un be."

The sexton fixed his glazed eye-balls upon the face of the officer. "Yes—it is the man I want. Come to me, sir!" The captain approached the bedside.

"Do you know me, Captain?"

"No!"

"What! Don't you know Trimble, the sexton who was so wicked (I know it was wicked, *now*) as to unlock the church—and—let you in to——"

"The man is mad! I know nothing of what he says! I supposed it was for some charity I was sent for," said Captain Oakes, with well-feigned surprise; there were two or three persons in the room.

"Go all out—everybody!" cried the sexton. "I have a word to say alone!"

The captain felt ill at ease.

"Captain Oakes, I am a dying man. I cannot die with a sacrilege and a sin like that one—you know what—on my conscience." Here his words were interrupted by anguish of body, the intensity of which, for a moment, absorbed his whole attention. "Don't say ye don't know what!" he added, seeing, by his look, the captain about to persist in denying all knowledge of him. "I mean that wicked marriage! It's been a curse to me! That thirty shillings you bribed me with, after talking with me the day afore by my gate, and seeing I was poor, and owed the inn-keeper; that money has poisoned all my other wages! All's been a curse to me for years! I knew I'd sold God's church for thirty pieces o' silver, like Judas sold its Lord! I was afraid to ease my conscience by telling, because no vestryman would ever employ me again, and then I and mine would be beggars! But I've did what I could to ease my conscience. I put jist that money—the thirty pieces o' silver—last Christmas into the alms-chest for the poor, first making with my blood, pricked from the thumb and finger that took your bribe, a cross of God on each piece! But that hasn't satisfied my conscience, Captain Oakes! I must confess the deed to the parish minister!"

"If thou dost thou shalt die!" cried Captain Oakes, making a menacing gesture towards his throat.

"I fear not death at thy hand, for already his cold fingers are feeling about my heart for the strings of life, to untie them, and release my spirit. God knows I've been a sinner; but that betraying God's church for thee to act a lie in, and admit before the altar thy jesting companion in the surplice of the parish priest. Ah, sir! it was an awful sacrilege, and God's curse should be on him and thee, as well as I feel it on me! The good minister whom I thus deceived, and whose chancel I thus let be profaned, will soon be here."

"Not to hear thy confession!"

"Death, sir, makes me no terms, and I can make none with thee. Confess I must, or lose my soul! But that I might not betray thee also, I have sent for thee, too, to let thee know the secret is told, that thou mayest take such steps as will save you from the law against sacrilege, when it can no longer reach me. This I feel in honor bound to do, since I consented to take thy money. But I am worn out with talking. Jakes!"

"What, master Trimble?"

"Has the minister from Welton come in sight?"

"I saw un but naow acoming adoun the street, but one stop't un to speak to un."

"Go, tell him to come quickly."

As Jakes left the room, Captain Oakes, without the least hesitation, secured the door and stepped to the low truckle-bed on which the dying man lay, and with deliberate intent of murder expressed in his eyes, stretched forth his hand to grasp the throat of the sexton, and silence forever the secret that, if known, would have made him infamous in the eyes of all men, and liable to arrest, and that, if known to the mad Katharine, would not fail presently to reach the ears of Lady Claudine. This idea and twenty unpleasant thoughts and fears and associations uniting themselves with it, almost drove him to the verge of madness, and the next moment he would have done a murder, but that a dog's deep growl caused him to start back, and looking behind the bed, he saw the fierce and jealous eyes of a large house-wolf glaring upon him! He quickly drew back his hand, just in time to prevent the animal, long a favorite companion of the sexton, from completing the spring for which he was crouching; and doubtless his hand would hardly have touched the throat of Trimble, ere his own would have been held firmly in the savage jaws of the beast. Trimble did not witness this scene, his eyes being closed. Brinsley hearing footsteps in the entry, and Jakes shaking at the door, now opened it. Before it stood a tall, stout gentleman, fifty years old or thereabouts, in the usual walking costume of a parish priest. His appearance was that of a benevolent and intelligent person, with mild blue eyes, hair slightly gray about the ears, and manners dignified and winning.

Upon seeing Captain Oakes in the door, he stared at him steadily like one who recognizes a face; but the officer, not liking the scrutiny, turned away his countenance, and said in a light way—

"Reverend sir, the poor fellow is raving! He seems to fancy himself guilty of some great crime, and that you are a papist priest. You can do him no good!"

"He has desired to see me, and it is my office to obey the voice of the dying. I may soothe him, sir, with the consoling promises and hopes of our holy religion."

Again the minister's eyes sought the features of the officer; but hearing the sexton's groans, he passed into his room, where he lay.

"I am glad you are come, Doctor," said the sexton, with brightening looks. "I'm dying. I tried to save the holy chalices, and was burned nigh to death! I breathed in the flames, and they say I'm mortifying inside, and can't live till night. But, Doctor, I wanted to see you to ask your forgiveness, and tell you of a great sin that is on my soul—a sin bad almost as the traitor Judas's!"

"I cannot forgive, son. Confess, and ask pardon of God!"

"Yes, Doctor, but of you, too; for it was part against you. I can't talk long—please to hear me!"

"Speak, then, my son!"

The clergyman sat by his bedside holding his hand in his. Jakes stood in the door. The dog, now on his feet, remained near the head of the bed, but fixed his steady eyes upon the officer, who, unable to prevent, resolved doggedly, and with a sort of defiance of the results, to listen, and let the dying man say what he pleased.

"Doctor, it was seventeen years ago come Whitsuntide, the day Mayor Taft was buried in the church-yard. Evening service was just over, and you had left the church for the rectory. I watched you out of sight, and then, for thirty shillings (oh, wicked traitor that I was—may God be merciful to my sin), bargained for with an officer the day before, I let in a wedding party! and what is more, I let in, as soon as it was dusk, so as not to be seen, a friend of the officer, and told him where he could get the robes and prayer-book to pass himself off for yourself, Doctor! The officer wanted to make a false marriage, and cheat the poor young lady, and so he and his friend did this between 'em, and I, for my love of money, which you have often told me, Doctor, would lead me into temptation, consented to betray the altar I had charge of, and deceive you. But I had not courage enough to remain in and see the beautiful lady made a fool of, and stayed out. And they were married, such as it was, half dark in the church as it was, and got into a post-chaise at the far corner of the church-yard, and drove off. That is what I wanted to tell you, Doc——"

Here the poor wretch was seized with some fierce pain, and writhed with contortions. Captain Oakes under the pretense of coming to his aid, whispered hoarsely in his ear, as he was getting easier—

"You have said enough to clear your conscience; there is no need to tell the name."

——"This is what I wanted to say, Doctor," continued the sexton, as if there had been no interruption. "Will *you* forgive me?"

"Yes, my son; and I hope you have confessed to God, whose sanctuary you intended to violate."

"And *did* violate, Doctor. Now, Doctor, is it necessary I should tell you the name?"

"No! John Trimble," answered the rector, with a firmness in his tones that made Brinsley look at him. And, rising up, he continued: "I know the name of the officer. His and that of the lady are on record in the parish book!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Brinsley Oakes, completely thrown off his guard. Then recollecting himself, and biting his lip with vexation at his imprudence, he added, as a sort of salvo, "I mean, reverend sir, that it is impossible *such* a marriage as this man has confessed having assisted in, could be legally recorded!"

The clergyman rested his full blue eyes, which beamed with the light of honor and virtue, upon him, and said, with dignity and grave decision:

"You are right, sir, were it an illegal marriage. But that marriage was perfectly lawful in all respects. Sir, you look surprised! and I now distinctly do recognize you as the gentleman (if such I may term a man who would be a party to deceive a beautiful and trusting woman)."

"Your cloth, sir——"

"I ask no protection from it, when you know all, sir! That marriage was performed by *myself!*"

"Impossible, sir!"

"Your marriage record, which I can show you, sir, at any time, reads as follows:—Married by me, Theodore Covington, Rector of St. Peter's, Welton-Aubrey, Brinsley Oakes, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Hussars, to Katharine Cecil, a maiden of full age."

"There can be no legal entry or marriage without one witness."

"There is the name of a witness appended!" answered the clergyman, with a calmness singularly contrasting the excitement and angry perplexity of Captain Oakes, whose whole manner betrayed the utmost astonishment and alarm.

"Whose, sir priest?"

"That of Bailey Wagstaff, ensign in the same regiment with yourself."

The officer stood gazing with a petrified look in the face of the clergyman.

"Sir, explain this! I see I need not conceal myself, nor deny anything. You know what I believed was a secret to all the world but this man; for Wagstaff was killed in battle. Did *he* not perform that marriage?"

"No. He had more honor than his friend who believed him as base as himself——"

"Beware, sir, I am a desperate man!"

"I cannot be intimidated, Captain Oakes. Ensign Wagstaff was the son of one of my widowed parishioners, and I knew him from a boy. I was instrumental in his obtaining his position in the army, by the influence of a nobleman. Doubtless he intended to carry out what he looked upon as a joke. But when the day came, and he had seen the young and beautiful woman, he resolved to make me acquainted with the whole affair. When he went into the vestry-room to robe, I followed him by a private entrance, of which I have the key. It was nearly dark in the church. Robing myself, I entered; and standing in the deep shadow of the altar screen, you could not distinguish my features. Indeed, it was too deep twilight for me to read the service, and I repeated it from my memory, in a low voice; and as mine was not unlike Wagstaff's in key, you did not detect the difference, not suspecting the truth. Ensign Wagstaff stood behind a column, and witnessed the ceremony by which you were lawfully married to the woman you believed you was deceiving. Your feet were snared, sir, in the net you had spread for her own! Your friend afterwards wrote his name on the register as witness."

"Can, *can* this be true!" exclaimed Captain Oakes, overwhelmed with chagrin and amazement.

"It is a fact, sir, susceptible of the clearest proof!" answered the clergyman, with decision in his voice.

"How I have been betrayed by that villain—that false friend! Were he alive he should pay with a death at my hand for this treachery!"

"Captain Oakes, it becomes you to be truly penitent for your past conduct, rather than denounce one who feared to sin as you have done; and whose state in the world to which his spirit has flown, is far happier than it would have been had he done this wickedness. Sir, I watched you for a year or two, through others, after that marriage, and finding you did not desert your wife, I hoped you would make her an honest husband. I afterwards heard you had gone to India. Some years later that you had returned and married again; and making inquiries, I was led to believe your first wife dead! but only last night did I learn to the contrary. I then resolved to see you and inform you of the facts you have now heard. And the message which this poor man sent to me, only by a few moments anticipated my intention to come to Bath to-day to seek an interview with you, and call upon you to do justice to your wife!"

"To whom—What, sir? Do you mean——"

"I mean Katharine Cecil! Last night, or rather at two o'clock this morning, I heard a faint voice of one in suffering under my window. I rose at once and went out, and discovered a female form sunk down upon my door-step. I conveyed her into the Rectory, and found she was overcome by fatigue and grief, and that her mind wandered. As she became calmer, after some wine given to strengthen her, and she looked me fully in the face, I recognized her to be, though faded, the young woman whom I married to you! In reply to an inquiry from me, she answered that her name was, and truly so, Katharine Cecil! In a word, sir, I discovered her to be your victim; and that, believing your marriage the mockery you intended it should be, you cast her off and deserted her when you wearied of her beauty. From her I learned her whole sad story, and your infamous guilt!"

"Sir, she is a mad woman! You were idle to listen to her."

"Is it possible, sir, you can have the unblushing audacity to make this plea? Sir, what would you try to deny? If she is mad, you caused her madness—and now, will you dare to plead her lunacy as a reason why her tale of wrongs should not be heard? Sir, you seem to be already blind to the fact that I know all she says to be true of my own knowledge. Captain Oakes, you must do justice before God and man to this beautiful wreck, Katharine Cecil, now under the protection of my roof, and almost under the shadow of the very altar where you would have sacrificed her, through the instrumentality of the rites of God's holy church, wickedly and sacrilegiously enlisted by you, to your basest passions. Sir, be patient. It becomes you to be humble. Before the God whom I serve, I will not rest until I, who bound you to this injured woman, see her receive that public acknowledgment and honorable recognition at your hands which is her most sacred right."

"Do you threaten me, sir priest?"

"Sir! See there!" answered the clergyman, pointing at the bed. "In the presence of such a scene let thy passions subside."

"Dead?"

"Yes, while I have talked with thee his spirit has taken its everlasting flight to its maker! So thou, too, sir, must die! And let me urge you to repent as he has done; for if this could not go to the judgment seat of Christ, with his part of the sin of your intended mockery of God's holy matrimony, how can you, the chief actor and superior sinner, his tempter, meet thy Judge?"

"It is your office to preach, sir," answered Captain Oakes, with a sneer. "Good morning, sir!"

"Am I to see you, sir?" asked the clergyman, "upon this grave affair."

The officer arrested his step. He thought for a moment, and then answered—

"Yes; I see I am in your power! I will be at your rectory at seven o'clock this evening."

"I know, sir, that justice from you to this injured wife will cause deep misery to one who believes herself to be your wife! I know not the lady; but I hear she is kind and generous and virtuous, and also beautiful. My heart bleeds for her!"

"And for *her* sake, sir," appealed Captain Oakes, with more placidity of tone, "will you not let this matter rest? The injury to Katharine Cecil——"

——"Katharine *Oakes*, sir!"

"Oakes, then! The injury to her is done! She is not in her right mind, and could not appreciate my recognition of her; and, moreover, she has always believed herself to be my lawful wife!"

"The more reason, sir, you should acknowledge her. It may restore her to her reason to have you return to your former regard for her. The consequences to Lady Claudine be on your own head! For all the misery and shame and disgrace in which it will envelope her, you must answer to God! As it is you ask me to connive at adultery; for in open adultery, sir, are you now living, while your true and lawful wife is beneath my roof."

"I see, sir, you are inexorable. I must try and meet my position as well as I can. I will see *my wife*—as you term her"—he said, ironically, "this evening. Good morning, sir!"

With this cold salutation Brinsley Oakes left the room where the dead man lay who had died without a prayer for his soul. The clergyman looked after him with a countenance sad and indignant, and shaking his noble head he said:

"Surely that man is beyond the grace of God, and his end will be with sudden destruction."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—CONTINUED.

The visitors went to the door, and the father knocked. But there was no answer. He opened the door and looked in. Christopher sat in his large arm-chair, asleep. His head rested upon the soft cushion of the back, and his face was partly turned from them. His hands were clasped upon the knees, and his face wore a look of pain. But what was that flush upon his cheek?

Ah—the same flush was upon all in the room, and it came from the crimson curtains of the windows.

Gideon spoke, but he received no answer. He touched his brother upon the shoulder; but there was no motion. He took the clasped hands, and—

Aye—Chistopher Huntley slept! He slept the sleep that knows no earthly waking!

"See!" whispered Bion, in a half-frightened tone. "See that!"

The father looked, and he saw a small pasteboard box labeled—"*Morphia,*" and in it were two little white pills!

"He has taken his own life! Shall we touch anything? Had we better call a coroner?"

"Wait," returned the father. "There is a letter for me. I will read this first."

"But I cannot stay here!" whispered Bion. "Oh, my soul! this is dreadful! Let us go into the parlor and read it."

He opened the door as he spoke, and his father followed him in. There the latter broke the seal, and read as follows—

"GIDEON HUNTLEY—When you take this in hand I shall be no more. You will of course know how I died. You know me well, but you will know me no more. I have done a great sin, but I must say that I cannot yet banish the feeling of sorrow that I have failed so soon. But I have failed, and life is no more desired by me. You might have forgiven me—I know you would—but that would only have added to my misery. I never did ask the forgiveness of mortal man, and I never will!

"But enough of this. Fate has set her face against me, and I must submit. You know how much property you left in your wife's hands. By careful computation, I find that I am now possessed of some three hundred thousand dollars. Upon my desk you will find a packet of papers directed to my lawyer—not the miserable tool I have used for my crimes, but an honorable man. Those papers concern you. I have prepared them all since you were here yesterday. I slept not through the night; but I shall now sleep soundly. It is my request that you should go to Mr. Latham at once—this very evening—and bring him here. He will learn what to do upon opening the packet directed to him.

"Above all things else, be sure that no coroner comes to mumble over my body. This I charge you to obey. And now, good bye. Fate opposed me—she favored you. Find Latham at once, and come back with him. If I have wronged you and your son, you will find that I have made all the reparation I could. Your brother once,

"CHRISTOPHER HUNTLEY."

Thus far had he written, and then folded the sheet up and superscribed it. After this it had been opened, and the following paragraph added. This was evident from the peculiar slip of the pen over the creases in the paper:—

"N. B.—I can't help it. A spirit mightier than I moves me. Forgive me, my brother, O, forgive me for what I have done! Ask Bion to forgive me, too. Pray for me! Pray for me!—forgive me! God have mercy on my soul! Christ Jesus, my Lord—O, love me! Save me—save—Forgive!

"CHRISTOPHER."

"Poor Christopher!" uttered Gideon, as he folded the missive up. "Alas! he lived in sin and he died in agony! But a gleam of light beamed in his soul at the last moment. Oh! God grant that his heart was truly touched—that the change was real!"

But the father and son felt not like conversing there, and they arose, and prepared to leave. They had to go into the library once more, in order to learn the whereabouts of the attorney.

Oh! it was a terrible sight! The cold form still sat in the large chair; the hands were still clasped upon the knees, and the head rested upon the cushioned back. The eyes were closed, for the man had fallen asleep ere he died.

The address of the lawyer was found, and the visitors then turned away, carefully closing the door behind them. In the hall they rang the door-bell, and the man-servant made his appearance.

"We shall return ere long," said Mr. Huntley; "and in the meantime your master must not be disturbed."

The man promised obedience, and the father and son then left the dreary house.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CONCLUSION.

Mr. George Latham was a gentleman, and an eminent lawyer. He received a large share of patronage from the first business men, and nearly the whole of his practice was confined to the affairs of his mercantile clients. Huntley found him in his office, and introduced himself and son. He was received with astonishment, and for a while the lawyer seemed almost inclined to look upon his visitors as impostors, as he had heard so often from his client's lips of the death of his only brother.

But the feeling was quickly gone; and when their errand was done, his astonishment found a new channel. He went with them to their carriage, and the trio were soon set down at the dead man's door. The serving-man admitted them, and they made their way at once to the library.

"Ah!" uttered Latham, with a sad shake of the head, "I can't much wonder at it! Poor man! He has had trouble enough! Fate went hard with him!"

The lawyer then looked around, and after pondering awhile, he said—

"It won't answer. We must send for a coroner. The servants left him in health, and they next find him dead, and know that you were first here. Had he any family, it would be different. At all events, it can do no harm, and may save you much questioning. I am acquainted with one—a perfect gentleman—near by."

So the coroner was called, and a jury was summoned from among the merchant's immediate friends and neighbors. The morphia was found—the letter to the brother was read—and in a very short time the verdict of "death by his own hand, produced by morphia," and so on, was rendered.

After this the servants took the body away, and the undertaker was sent for.

In the meantime Gideon had related to the attorney the whole story of his brother's crime. The letter which was read at the inquest rendered the explanation necessary.

"Alas!" uttered Latham, "his reasons for the deed were more and deeper than I had supposed. Poor man! Surely he has been most terribly punished for his crimes!"

Some further remarks were made, and then the papers were opened. They were found to be simple and methodical; giving a correct account of all his property, where it was, and how situated, and directing that his old book-keeper should be consulted. Beyond this he addressed the attorney directly. He said that Gideon Huntley, his natural brother and only living relative, was not only sole heir to all his property, but, in fact, the real owner. He gave a detailed account of how he gained the letters of guardianship, and directed Latham to see that all justice was done to his brother and nephew.

Upon a separate paper was a request to his brother that certain sums of money might be given to some of his faithful servants. There was five hundred dollars to be divided equally among three female servants, and five hundred more to be given to his man-servant, Harvey. Then there was three thousand to his old book-keeper, one thousand to an old porter, and five hundred to the widow of a man who had been in his employ. Last came ten thousand dollars to his attorney, George Latham. He did not bequeath this; he only asked his brother to do it for his sake, and for the sake of his memory among those who had been true and faithful to him and his interests.

"You are not obliged to pay all this, sir, unless you choose," said Latham, after all had been read.

"Had it been ten times as much, I should pay it cheerfully," was the brother's response. "O—if I can help give him the prayers of good men, God grant I fail not in my duty!"

"Then you will leave the business in my hands?"

"Yes, sir—wholly. How much delay will there be?"

"None, sir. The simple proof that he only had charge of money which was yours, and his written confession that the letters were obtained falsely, will settle the whole matter. And then your heirship would be sufficient of itself. However, it shall be settled as soon as possible."

* * * * *

A new grave was made by the side of the last. The white-haired old sexton shook his head as he stood and gazed into the narrow chamber he had dug.

"It is strange," he murmured to himself. "Here's the first one I buried—the young widder has been taken up and carried away. Then the next one—her boy—has had the marble stone taken down and broken to powder, and a new name put in its place. It was '*Bion Huntley,*' and now it's *Charles Duncan!* It's curious! And now, here comes the last of the house. The poor woman can plant her flowers now without fear."

It was true, as he said,—the body of Belinda Huntley had been removed. The husband had had it taken to Greenwood. And the promise made to Mary Duncan had been kept, too. A new stone marked the grave of her boy, and his own true name was upon it.

The hearse came, and a long procession followed it. Many people came to pay their last respects to the wealthy merchant. They knew he had died by his own hand; but they thought they saw the only cause of the deed in the four graves already filled.

Gideon took one last look at the pale features, and Bion was holding him by the arm. A tear glistened for a moment in his eye, and as it fell upon the coffin he fervently ejaculated:

"God have mercy upon thy poor soul, my brother!"

And Bion said—

"*Amen!*"

* * * * * *

And now we have but little more to tell.

Mr. Latham found no trouble in settling up the business which had been left in his hands; and when the various sums had been paid, and all squared up, Gideon Huntley received three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. That included the proceeds of the sale of the dwelling. The living brother felt that he could not live in it, even should he reside in the city.

When this was settled there came another settlement. A clergyman came and bade Bion Huntley take Cora by the hand. Then he said a few simple words, and——

Oh! what important words to them! Back, amid the scenes long agone, their thoughts wandered, and through the blissful hours of hope—through the seasons of darkness and of trial—through the happy years of childhood—on to the deeper love and more solemn pledges of youth—and still on, through love grown firmer and purer still—on, on, through doubts from without, but never a doubt of the truth that united them—never a doubt of the faith they had plighted—but through doubts which the orphan, wronged and traduced, can feel—onward and upward, with hope expanding—upward, upward still—into the light of a morning full of blissful promise—and then, as the diamond sand runs on, glittering in the new light—the full effulgence of glorious noonday bursts upon them in those happy, happy words that fall so simply from the preacher's lips; but yet, in falling, seal the bonds that unite forever two of the purest, noblest hearts that ever beat on earth!

Old Margery Grutt was permitted to witness the ceremony. She begged so hard that they could not refuse her. And after this she was well provided for, though she lived not long enough to enjoy the bounty of her friends. Her constitution was worn and shattered, and a sudden fever carried her off.

Mrs. Duncan, the mother of the dead boy, was provided for. A good house was secured, the rent for which Bion's banker was to see paid, and she commenced to keep boarders. The events of the past few months had removed the gloom and sadness from her soul, and health and strength came back with peace of mind.

Barrabas Lattimore one day took it into his head to try his hand at issuing some counterfeit bank-notes; but the public did not appreciate his endeavors to increase the facilities of trade by multiplying paper currency, so they took him to jail; and when they searched for the dies, and presses, and so on, they found them in a curiously contrived apartment upon the premises of a negro called "*Old Ivory.*" So Old Ivory was sent to keep the homely attorney company; and they were sentenced, upon trial and conviction, to a term of years in the State's Prison, which promised to embrace about the whole of the life that remained to them here on earth.

When the Good News next sailed Louis Fourber went as captain. The place was first offered to Jack Wallace, upon Bion's resignation; but he had worked enough at that rough life, and he had, moreover, promised Bion and Cora that he would remain near them.

It had been arranged that the whole party should seek out a home somewhere in the country, where they could live and labor as they pleased. There were Gideon Huntley and Arthur Greenwood; Bion and Cora; and Jack Wallace and his mother, who were to form the little community. They had resolved to go and take a look about the shores of the lake where Jack's cottage stood, and had made all the necessary arrangements for starting.

On the afternoon of the day previous to the one on which they were to set out, as the party sat in their room at the hotel, some one rapped at the door.

"Here's two black women say they must see you, sir," said the servant, addressing Mr. Huntley, senior.

"Let them come in."

And they came in—two females—one as black as night, while the other was less marked in color—both well advanced in life, but yet hale and hearty—and both as neat and clean as could be. The foremost one—she who had the lightest skin—cast her eyes over the room, and finally settled her gaze upon Gideon Huntley.

"Mas'r!" she cried, while her frame quivered, "don't you know me?"

"Lida?" uttered the old man, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes, Mas'r. It be your own Lida——"

"An' yer own Lizzy, too," interposed the other, with a convulsive utterance. "Don't ye know me, Mas'r?"

He did know them both, and he was glad to see them, for they were just the persons they needed at that time. When they saw Bion they knew him.

"Shouldn't I ought'r know him?" cried Lida, while the tears rolled down her dusky cheeks. "Aren't he missus all ober? Aren't he de berry pictur' ob him mudder?"

And when they knew that "mas'r" would take them, they danced and capered like two crazy women; and it was not until some minutes that they remembered that Bion was dead. However, the thing was explained to them, and when they had comprehended it, they, in turn, told how they had spent the last sixteen years in working hard for very ungenerous people, Mrs. Gambold having moved away in less than a year after they went to live with her. They went away, and got their clothes, and on the following morning were ready for the start. Lida had, by accident, seen an account in a paper of Gideon Huntley's regaining an estate which his brother had held for many years, and she resolved to go and see if it was not her old mas'r.

In due time the party reached the lakeside. And the section where stood the widow's cot was pronounced the most desirable of any. And there they made them a home. A noble mansion went up; broad fields were put under thrifty cultivation; and work and pastime were united. Hunting and fishing could be indulged in to almost any extent, and many a dainty meal was gathered from the lake and the forest. A fine, large yacht was built, and Jack took command; and he was never happier than when sailing his friends over the broad lake, and teaching Bion's bright-eyed little boy how to steer.

And so the end comes. Not the end of the joys we have seen grown up—no, no, but the end of our humble story. As for these joys, they grew deeper and brighter as each succeeding season rolled by. The three old men were growing to be children once more; Bion and Cora lived in the warm sunshine of a mutual love, that was as pure and strong as earth can bear; while their children, seeing and feeling only the most gentle and virtuous influences all about them, and basking in the light of holy love, could not but grow in grace and truth. Mrs. Wallace felt herself a sort of mother of the whole community, while Lida and Lizzy, growing old in years, but retaining the health and buoyancy of younger days, assume a guardianship over everything within doors. And the household could not be complete without them; for while they preserve a system and order of affairs at home that secures comfort to those about them, they conduct the thoughts of Gideon Huntley often into sweet and holy memories. They were with his angel wife when she died; they caught her last word of love for him; they were faithful and true; and she had loved them very much. And so he loved them now; and so he loved all about him; and so each loved the other; and Love and Peace were with them!

THE END.

"THE UNKNOWN DARK."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Why should we shudder at the shadowy gloom
Through which the spirit's pathway leads?
Oh, could the Fates devise a darker doom
Than *earth* imposes on the heart that bleeds?

The dreary darkness of the vales of Death
Must end in lands of loveliest light—
Why should we sigh, then, to retain the breath
That but exhales a wind whose burnings blight?

The years go by, each with a fiery brand
To stamp anew the fated heart;
While the cold wringing of its phantom hand
Tears all the clinging chords of love apart.

The mystic gloom! Perchance the earth-blest dread
Its name—but should *my* cheek grow pale?
No—icy rains beat on my homeless head,
And stormy winds around my bosom wail.

Then call me, Spirits! to your shadowy shore—
Though wild the way, I do not fear;
I shall be lone and weary there no more,
Nor sigh, nor shudder as I have done here.

Come, thou sweet Angel, with the calm, pale brow,
Thou that dost lead the worn to rest,
Come, guide me through the Vale of Shadows now,
Far to the starry Empire of the Blest.

THE TOWN PAUPER.

NANCY JAMESON'S HEROISM.

"Oh! Ella, Ella, look here! See grandpa' driving in his new carriage with that little queer-looking old woman by his side! Who can she be? Where has he picked up such a strange companion?"

"That's Aunt Nancy Jameson, Mildred. If you had been a month in Chichester you would have had no need to ask that question. Everybody here knows Aunt Nancy."

"But who is she, and why should grandpa' be driving out with her? Just see; because there has been a little shower in the night and the street is muddy, he is spreading the carriage apron over her faded calico dress as carefully as he would over one of grandma's rich silks. And now, as he bends forward and looks up into her face with that old-fashioned courtly manner of his, I am sure he is asking her if she is perfectly comfortable."

"Very likely, my dear, for grandpa' has the greatest respect for Aunt Nancy Jameson. He often takes her for a drive, and she is very grateful for the attention."

"But you have not told me who she is, Ella."

"No, and I cannot now, for I see Mattie Jones and her brother coming up the walk. You must ask grandma' when you go up to sit with her. She will tell you all about Aunt Nancy."

"I'll ask her, then, you may be sure, for my curiosity is a good deal excited. I am glad grandpa' can't find any such shabby, old, pauper-looking women to ride with when he comes to A. Ma' would be very much mortified to see him in such company there."

Mildred Cranston's remarks were suddenly brought to an end by the entrance of company, but she did not forget the subject: and as soon as they were gone she ran hastily up to her grandmother's room. In answer to her knock the sweet, tremulous voice of the aged woman bade her enter, and Mildred opened the door and went in.

Mildred had the eye of an artist, and she paused an instant beside the door to look at the picture before her. The large room, with a sunny, southern aspect, was exquisitely arranged. A soft carpet of delicate colors, in which blue predominated, covered the floor, the broad, high windows, each of which framed an exquisite view of the magnificent scenery of that picturesque mountainous region, were draped with curtains of heavy blue cloth falling in rich folds to the floor; the cushions of the chairs, and lounges, and the great sofa were of the same color, and, contrasting it beautifully, were the rich brown tints of the massive, time-darkened furniture.

A small, bright wood fire burned and crackled upon the hearth; for though it was a morning of early summer, the air, since the midnight shower, struck chill upon the sluggish life-currents of old Madam Sewall, and, near the hearth her chair was drawn, and beside it lay her knitting-basket, her spectacles, and two or three books, among which was the Bible which through the lengthened years of her pilgrimage had been her stay and support, and was never far from her side. Opposite her was her husband's chair, upon the plump blue cushion of which, taking advantage of her master's absence, his favorite tortoise shell cat was comfortably reposing.

Mildred thought it a beautiful picture, and her grandmother the most beautiful object of all. She had often heard it remarked: "What a beautiful woman Madam Sewall must have been in her youth," and then, in tones that indicated a sort of surprise, "and indeed she is very lovely still."

So she was a lovely woman, though she had passed the further boundary of man's allotted years. Her slight figure still held itself erect, unbent by time or suffering, and round it flowed in deep, heavy folds the rich, dim black silk such as she always wore, made in the fashion of a long past age. Her stomacher was laced over a snowy 'kerchief, and upon her hands and extending over her arms, which still shone white through the meshes, were netted mitts of black silk. Her complexion was still exceedingly fair, and her blue eyes undimmed in lustre, while her hair, white as new-fallen snow, lay in heavy bands on either side of her high, unwrinkled brow, and was but partially covered with a plain but tasteful cap. Her small feet, in high, red-heeled, velvet slippers, reposed upon a footstool of some dark wood, covered by a cushion of her own embroidery, which she boasted had been worked more than fifty years before.

There were many other specimens of her handywork in the apartment, conspicuous among which was the quilt of hundreds of infinitesimal, diamond-shaped patches of silk, which she had completed but a few months previously, and which now covered the high bed, beneath its canopy and curtains of blue, that occupied one side of the room.

Mildred's wish was, as she stood that instant beside the door, and saw her grandmother smiling, with that still beautiful smile, a welcome toward her, while the sunlight glorified her snowy hair and pale features, seeming to impart a spark of youth, "Would that I might be beautiful, like grandma', when I am old."

She forgot—as we are all prone to do—that only the impress of a pure, calm life of goodness makes the features of age lovely!

She went forward and kissed her grandmother, and then sat down upon the low chair by her side, which always stood ready to receive her grandchildren on their visits to her room.

Caressing the soft, white hand which only in the shrunken muscles that gave undue prominence to the delicate blue veins showed marks of age, and looking smilingly up into the face that smiled back again upon her Mildred—who was a very pretty girl and beautified the picture of that quiet room by the force of contrast—the contrast of her blooming youth, the rich tints of her cheeks, and lips, and hair, and brown, sparkling eyes, and floating pink muslin morning dress—to her grandmother's complexion and hair, her black robes, and the soft tints of the furniture.

Her grandmother was asking her many questions about her distant home and friends: for Mildred's visit to Chichester had been commenced but a day or two before, and Madame Sewall had not until then seen her, except in the presence of the family.

"I told your grandfather, Mildred, that I would like to have him take you with him on his drive this morning. He was going over to the North farm, along the brook road, and I knew how much you admired the views in that direction. But he said he called last evening and asked Aunt Nancy Jameson to go with him, and it gives her so much pleasure and does her so much good to ride, that he would not on any account have her disappointed."

"I would have liked the ride very much, grandma', and grandpa' is the most entertaining of companions. But I saw him driving down the street with the funniest little old woman, in a pinched bonnet and faded dress, that ever I saw. I think it must be a very unselfish act of benevolence to take such a queer-looking woman into his carriage."

"Mildred," replied her grandmother, gravely, "you are very young, and have been brought up in a city, and have attended fashionable schools; but I had hoped you had learned one very important lesson ere this. I am sorry to see that your education, in one respect, has been sadly neglected."

"Why, grandma', what have I said? What have I done?" inquired Mildred, ready to burst into tears at the tone of reproach and the grave expression upon her grandmother's face.

"This is the thing you have not learned, my child—that a person's exterior has nothing to do with his worth; and what you have done, is to speak disrespectfully and unkind of the aged."

"But I did not intend it, grandma'."

"I am sure of that, my dear. But I would have you cease to look upon dress as the criterion of worth, or of any human being's claims to kindness and attention. Your grandfather and myself have the highest respect for Nancy Jameson. We never think of her shabby dress, because we know her true nobility of heart. But don't cry, Mildred; the tone in which you spoke of one whom I value so highly and reverence so truly shocked me greatly, and I, perhaps, spoke more harshly than I ought, forgetting that you could know nothing of her except the shabby dress you saw."

"Don't say a word, grandma', dear. I am so sorry that I made sport of the poor old lady! I should have known that one whom you and grandpa' think worthy of attention like that is not to be mentioned slightingly. I wanted to ride with grandpa' this morning, and, when I saw him with that old lady, I felt so provoked that I said much harder things of her, down stairs, than I have here."

"Well, let that pass, now. You shall have your ride some day; and now, because I think the story will do you good, I will tell you some of the incidents of Nancy Jameson's life."

"Oh, do, dear grandma'. I am curious to know something about her. I am sure, by the way you speak of her, that her life has been quite romantic, and out of the common way."

"No, my child, it has not, except for its sufferings, its unselfishness and devotion to others. Had Nancy thought more of herself and of her own interests, she would not now have been, what she is, a town pauper."

"A town pauper! Oh, grandma', do you mean that this woman whom you and grandpa' respect so much is a town pauper—a beggar—living on public charity?"

"She is a pauper, my child, certainly," answered Madam Sewall, gravely, "and she lives on the public provision for the destitute. But I never in my life heard of her being a beggar—at least, not for herself. But as I see the prejudices in which you have been educated still cling to you, I will tell you the story, and you may then judge for yourself if even an old pauper, in a faded gown and pinched bonnet, may not be worthy of respect."

Madam Sewall took up her knitting from the basket, and bidding Mildred go on with the bit of fancy work which she held in her hand, she commenced her story.

"Nancy Jameson and I were girls together, for Nancy is but little younger than myself. Our fathers were neighbors and friends, and both men of mark in the town and county. We went together to the little summer school, and in winter learned together at my mother's side, when we were children, and shared all our toys and sports, and together we grew to womanhood, and began, ere we were aware of having attracted much attention, so retired and secluded were our lives, here in this remote mountain district, to be known all over the country as the 'two belles of Chichester.'

"Of course we had many lovers, but neither of us was in haste to marry. In those days, my child, a young woman of our class would have thought it a shame to marry, until her own hands had prepared stores of snowy linen, and warm blankets and coverlets, with great, plump feather beds enough to fill her husband's house with all that was needed in that line. So we could not marry, as too many silly creatures do in these times, when they are scarcely more than children, too immature in judgment and self-knowledge, as well as experience and observation of human character, to know what qualities in a companion will best secure their happiness, and so delicate from bad habits of living, and so undeveloped, physically, as to be utterly unfit for the responsibilities they so thoughtlessly assume.

"I was twenty-five when I married your grandfather, and I had been engaged to him nearly five years. I was determined not to marry until I had the best table-linen and bedding in all Chichester, and he wanted to get a clear deed of the old North farm, so that we could be sure of a good home for ourselves and the children we hoped would be given us. For, Mildred, women in those days thought children a blessing, and were not always dreading a family, and talking about the trouble of staying at home for little ones, as some of those fine ladies, who visited your mother when I was last in A., shocked me by doing.

"So, when I was twenty-five and your grandfather was twenty-seven, we married, and we did not take a 'bridal tour,' nor have any 'bridal presents," except the deed of the out-lot that old Squire Sewall gave my husband on his wedding-day, and the substantial furniture that my father and mother had sent to the new house on the North farm some days before. We went right home as soon as we were married, and there, in that very spot, we lived for more than forty years. There all our children were born—there three of them died—there all the others, except your uncle Samuel, were married. We never left there until Samuel insisted that we should come and live with him, ten years ago.

"But I am forgetting about Nancy Jameson. About the time I was married, she went away to visit some relatives who lived in Boston, and I remember that when she had been gone several months, I was one day reproaching myself, in the presence of your grandfather, for feeling the absence of my friend so little. And he laughed, and told me that he should think it a poor compliment if I did not find the society of my husband sufficient for me, at least for one year. Then I knew why I missed Nancy so little.

"Nevertheless, I was very glad to see her when she came back, and pleased to see, too, how radiant her face was with her new happiness. For she had brought home a lover from Boston—a fine, dashing-looking man, with a saucy air and a flashing black eye, that at times had something wicked in its glance. At least my husband once reproved me for saying so.

"It was early summer when they came, and after Mr. Lytton's visit ended, and he had returned to Boston, Nancy told me they were to be married in the fall.

"All summer the preparations for this marriage went on. Nancy wove the fine linen yarn which she had spun the winter before into the most beautiful cloth you ever saw, and she bleached it in the meadow beside the brook, where I used to see her go every day, and wet the long webs as they lay upon the grass, and showed whiter and whiter every morning.

"There were numerous quiltings at Deacon Jameson's that summer, and I often ran over in the afternoon to help Nancy at some of her work, and always found her busy and singing in the excess of her happiness.

"Several times in the course of the summer Mr. Lytton came to visit her. At first she seemed overflowing with joy whenever he came, but toward fall a shadow seemed to fall upon her face. She would not acknowledge any sadness, and I was forced to believe that it was but the thought of her coming responsibilities.

"It was early in September, I think, that I saw Mr. Lytton ride past my door one afternoon, and thought that the time of the marriage would be fixed at this visit. The next afternoon, about the same time, I put on my bonnet and ran across the fields towards Deacon Jameson's, for a little chat with Nancy. The path lay along the brookside, and when I got to where the great, drooping elm stood, with such a cluster of bushes at its feet, I thought I heard voices. One of them I was sure was Lytton's, but the woman's voice was so low that I could not distinguish more than its faintest tones. Supposing, however, that it could be only Nancy, I called out—

"'Nancy, I was just going over to see you; but as you are here I will go back again,' for I did not wish to intrude by joining them.

"But to my surprise the voices ceased, and there was no reply. Thinking only of a little sport, I pushed aside the bushes, and sprang down upon the sandy beach of the brook, close beside the pair who sat there, upon one of the mossy roots of the old elm. Both of them started up as I appeared, Lytton's face glowing, and his eyes flaming with anger, while his companion, Jerusha Jameson, a pretty child of sixteen, hung her head and blushed, while she nervously pulled at the strings of her sun-bonnet.

"It was only the manner of the pair that aroused suspicion, as after due apologies I turned away and pursued my walk; for there surely was nothing wrong in Lytton's taking a stroll in the fields with the child, as we all called her, who was so soon to be his sister. Nevertheless, a conviction which I could not repress assured me that what I had seen boded some wrong to poor Nancy.

"When I reached the house, I found Nancy seated alone in her chamber, pretending to sew upon one of her new table-cloths, while the tears were rolling over her cheeks. I saw that something had occurred to distress her, but hoped it was nothing connected with her sister. Presently she told me that Lytton had talked of delaying the marriage until spring, and added that she felt mortified about it, because it had been talked about so much as likely to occur soon. I tried to hope, to believe that she had no other cause of trouble. She told me that Lytton had gone to fish in the brook, and as I came away I heard Mrs. Jameson inquiring for Jerusha, who, she said, had been gone all the afternoon.

"That very night Lytton left Deacon Jameson's, and Jerusha, poor, deluded child, accompanied him. In about ten days a letter came from Jerusha, saying she was married to Lytton, and begging the forgiveness of her parents and of Nancy. She said she knew she had deceived and ill-treated them all, but especially her sister, but she was sure Nancy never had loved Lytton as she did.

"Nancy showed me this letter, and when she came to that part, I never shall forget the tearless agony of her white face as she read those cruel words. She assured me she forgave them both, and begged that the subject might not again be alluded to between us. Afterwards I found that she had prevailed over the stern prejudices and the deep anger of her Puritan parents, and they had forgiven their child. Before the autumn rains commenced several loaded wagons left Deacon Jameson's yard, one morning, for Boston. They contained the furniture which, according to the custom of the time, had been purchased for Nancy, and which, by her request, they were sending to her sister; and I afterwards learned that all Nancy's stores of snowy linen and household gear, prepared by her own hand, had accompanied the furniture—her own free gift, with 'her love' to her sister.

"Nancy had many offers after it was thought she had recovered from her 'disappointment,' but she declined them all, and continued to live on in her father's house. From time to time Jerusha and her husband came to visit the old homestead, and sometimes they were accompanied by beautiful children, who were the especial favorites of Aunt Nancy; the only persons ever allowed to disturb the prim ways into which, with advancing years, she had unconsciously fallen.

"Some twenty years after Jerusha's marriage Deacon Jameson died. The property, which was large, was equally divided between the two daughters; and Nancy continued to reside in the old farm-house alone, for her mother died previously to her father.

"Nothing of any importance to the story occurred for some years more. Nancy cultivated the farm and attended to her dairy, and, it was said, laid up money, though she was ever kind and liberal to all. One morning a letter from Jerusha, who had not once visited the old farm-house since the death of her parents, and seldom wrote to Nancy, was brought her. It contained startling tidings.

"Lytton, who had never been a man of good principles, as his conduct to Nancy sufficiently shows, had in later years fallen into habits of dissipation, and especially had become addicted to gaming. Jerusha's share of her father's fortune had come opportunely to save him from ruin, but, with the habits of life to which he had yielded himself, such a sum provided only temporary relief. Jerusha wrote that she knew not how they lived for some years, but now the final crash had come. Lytton had forged a note upon a well known firm, which he had presented at a bank and got cashed, perhaps in some insane hope of redeeming it before it became due. But the forgery had been discovered.

"One only hope remained. For the sake of his family the firm were willing to refrain from prosecution, in case he would refund the money, and Jerusha wrote imploring her sister's aid, 'not for her sake,' she said, 'or Lytton's, but for her children.'

"Nancy was not one to hesitate. All the savings of her years of industry were at once withdrawn from the bank, and forwarded to her sister, and when the sum was found to be far from sufficient, she executed a mortgage on the old homestead for the remainder.

"The money had been incautiously sent to her sister, and fell into the hands of Lytton. Prompted by some fiend, this bad man resolved to desert his family, and with this sum, so unexpectedly gained, to flee the country. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed he was far out at sea.

"'Misfortunes come not single spies, but in battalions.' Jerusha's eldest daughter, taking advantage of the distress which reigned in the household, went out one morning and was married to an unprincipled adventurer, the companion of her father's vices, and one whom he had himself introduced to his family. The only remaining child, a son of sixteen, who, with his sister, only of all Jerusha's children survived infancy, was ill; and in an enfeebled condition his mother brought him back to the old homestead. A cold taken upon the journey, or some accident, aggravated his illness. A long struggle ensued; and when, at length, he rose from his bed of pain, it was with the consciousness that he was a cripple for life.

"Not long after, the old homestead was sold, by a foreclosure of the mortgage; and Nancy, with but a pittance of her once ample fortune, removed with her nephew and sister to a little cottage upon North farm, which your grandfather insisted upon her occupying, rent-free.

"Here she lived many years, toiling to support the helpless ones depending upon her, for Jerusha was too much broken in health and spirits to be aught but a burden to her sister; and the sick boy required constant care and expensive attendance.

"It was many years before death came in to relieve her. First died Jerusha, and soon after the son, and Aunt Nancy, as everybody in Chichester had long learned to call her, was left alone. She had grown old, and trouble and toil had reduced her strength. Her little pittance was long since exhausted, and when, after a little time, it was found that her health had become permanently undermined, she determined, though her numerous friends in Chichester remonstrated anxiously against it, to become a town charge. To the public charity she said she had a right. She had paid taxes for many years when she had property, and now she would be but receiving back her investment. Finding she was determined, we all yielded at last, and Aunt Nancy laid her necessities before the selectmen.

"The saddest trial of all was to subject herself to the custom which puts the town paupers up at auction, to be bidden off by, not the highest, but the lowest, bidder. But even to this Aunt Nancy submitted with resignation, and in the same spirit accompanied her purchaser to the home, made comfortable, often without her knowledge, by the kindness of her numerous friends.

"Aunt Nancy has lived in this way for several years. No one respects her less, nor is she, perhaps, less happy, as a town pauper, than toiling for the helpless ones she soon hopes to meet in another world.

"Now tell me, Mildred, do you not think Aunt Nancy a heroine, and worthy even of your reverence in spite of shabby clothes and her queer bonnet?"

"Indeed I do grandma'," Mildred answered, and her beautiful eyes glistened with tears: "Indeed I do; and I only wish that I felt within me the consciousness of half the capacity for deeds of real heroism. I thank you, dear grandma', for your story, and I feel sure I shall profit by it in my judgment of those I meet in different walks in life from my own."

MYSTIFICATION.

Old Barty Willard was a wheelwright by trade, and though an excellent workman, was remarkable for his habit of procrastinating. He would promise, and then break his engagement over and over again, with as little scruple and as many "positively lasts" as a theatrical star. Having pledged his word to a very urgent customer for the third time, that he would have his cart done by a certain day, Barty again failed to keep his engagement, and, on the arrival of the owner, the cart was still unfinished. "Well," said the customer, "you have got my cart done by this time, of course." "Yes," said Barty, "I had done the work, and supposed it was quite ready for you, when I discovered I had made a mistake—a very unaccountable mistake—that will put me back for a fortnight." "Ah, indeed," said the customer, "what's the trouble?" "Why, you see," said Barty, with great gravity, and an air of extreme vexatian, "you see I have made a mistake—I never made such a blunder before in my life—I have committed the ridiculous mistake of making both wheels for the same side; they are both off wheels." "Is it possible?" said the customer, who was thoroughly mystified, and allowed Barty another fortnight to finish the cart.

STRANGE HAIR-DRESSING.

The head-dress of the women of Myan-tse of Hu-quang, has something in it very odd and whimsical. They put on their heads a piece of light board, about a foot long and five or six inches broad, which they cover with their hair, fastening it with wax, so that they seem to have hats of hair. They can neither lean nor lie down, but by resting on their necks, and they are obliged to turn their heads continually to the right and the left on the roads, which in this country are full of woods and thickets. The difficulty is still greater when they would comb their hair, for they must be whole hours at the fire to melt the wax. After having cleaned their hair, which trouble they are at three or four times a year, they fall to dressing it up again as it was before. The Myan-tse think this dress very charming, especially for young women.

TRIBUTE TO

WILLIAM LEWIS HERNDON,

Commander of the Central America,

SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1857.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Who standeth forth in his manhood's bloom
To rule the noble bark,
Keeping its charge of entrusted life
Away from the billows dark?
As it striketh back into foam and dew
The mountain surges maddening strife
That day and night,
With a lion's roar of wrath and might
Its furrowing keel pursue.

Who treadeth on Andes' kingly crest
Above the frowning cloud?
Whose slender prow exploring glides
Down o'er the Amazon's trackless tides,
Thousands of miles,—while his earnest ken
Marketh its valleys, and tribes of men,—
Thousands of miles, with a graphic pen,
As it swells and grows from its noteless berth
The proudest river of all the earth.

Who steereth home from the land of gold,
Hundreds of souls in his garments fold,—
The man so gentle, and firm and bold,—
With a Roman's creed, and a Christian's trust?
The weary voyage is almost o'er,—
Fond eyes strain toward the promised shore,—
But the tempest is due,—and with thunder-shout
Winds and waves his purpose flout
Till the pumps are chock'd and the fires are out,—
And the order is sped, that all obey,—
To save and shelter the helpless first :—
Women and children of fragile form,
Guarded and wrapp'd from the whelming storm,
Venture in boats o'er the tossing brine :—
Oh, chieftain! the life of that three-months babe
Is an atom compar'd to thine.

No thought of self, with craven sigh,
Darkeneth the light in that hero's eye,
Tho' deep in his secret soul enshrined
The idol image of child and wife
Struggle and cling with a deathless strife,—
Pictures of home, with his heart-strings twin'd,
Fair Virginia's trees and streams,
A mother's sunny smile,—his playful boyhood's dreams,
Flash like meteors o'er his mind,—
Yet no weak pause, the sacrifice delay'd,—
Stern Duty gave the sign, and cherish'd Love obey'd.

Down to the depths, thou reeling ship,
God's hand hath sunken thee:
Go swiftly down,
With thy riven crown,
The Master goes with thee!
He goes in the robe of his fair renown—
But his memory shall not die:
Set his name, like a fixed star of fame,
In the flag of his country's sky.

Hartford, Oct. 2, 1857.

IN A TRAP;

OR,

THE PRIVATEER'S RUSE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

The schooner "*Fair Sister*," a snug little craft of some hundred and fifty tons burden, dropped down one of the small streams that empty the waters of Maine into the Atlantic, and came to anchor in the narrow basin at its mouth. It was in the spring of 1813, and the war was going on with England. The war-vessels of the enemy were upon our coast, blockading every harbor where they supposed a Yankee force was in reserve.

The *Fair Sister* had been fitted up by a party of enterprising men, and her armament was complete. She carried eight guns—twelve-pounders—and had fifty-four men, with small arms in abundance. Her commander's name was Buck—Alanson Buck—a good seaman, and a brave, accomplished man. His vessel was ready for sea, and he was anxious to be out upon the broad Atlantic, among the merchant vessels and store-ships of the enemy. Yet he had his fears that he might find trouble in running out.

At a small settlement not far up the river he had learned that a British brig-of-war was lying off-and-on upon the coast, and that the commander had gained intelligence of the fact that a privateer was being fitted out up the stream. He also learned that there was a spy somewhere about the place.

Buck's first movement, upon reaching the mouth of the river, was to send a man up on to the headland to look out for the English brig. The little bay in which the privateer now lay was shut in from the sea on the east by a bold promontory which ran out from the mainland to the southward. This promontory was not over a quarter of a mile wide, and nearly three-quarters of a mile in length. Up on to this high point the look-out made his way, and when he reached the top he had a clear sweep of the sea as far as the eye could reach.

In half an hour he came down upon the run, and a boat was sent for him immediately.

"What is it, Walden?" the captain asked.

"The brig is right off the headland, to the nor'rd an' east'rd, not more'n four mile distant, and headin' right in for the bay."

"Then she's got intelligence of our whereabouts," said Buck, uneasily.

"She must," resumed Walden. "She was lyin' to right in behind the 'Spider,' an' I'm sure I saw a boat pulled up to her stern davitts as she squared away."

What was to be done? The privateer had come down the river with a fair wind, but she could not run back; and of course to run out to sea would be madness; and as for having the enemy take the schooner, just as she was all ready for work, that could not be thought of for a moment.

"What *can* we do?" the captain cried, pacing the deck nervously. "Could it be a hand-to-hand fight I'd run the risk, though I s'pose the brig's got eighty or ninety men; but if she comes in here she'll blow us out o' water!"

"Look, Cap'n," spoke Ezekiel Dodd, a tall, sandy-haired Yankee of the genuine blood and stamp, and who was known to be as keen and 'cute as any man aboard, "I've got an idee. That 'tarnal brig'll be in here as sure as fate. Naow jest yeou listen: There's room enough for every one on yeou to hide in the hold. Ef ye'll all hide there, an' then run the boats all ashore, I'll bet a dollar 'at we'll wool 'em. D'ye s'pose them ere chaps seed yer, Pete, when ye was on the headland?"

"They must have seen me if they were lookin'," replied Walden.

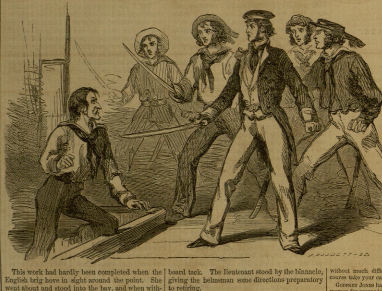
"Then it'll be as easy as grease," cried Zeke, all excitement. "Let's run the boats right ashore an' leave 'em on the sand, an' then all on ye hide only me. I'll pertend to be sleepin', ye see, an' so we'll flax 'em rite eout."

Zeke explained his plan fully, and the men fell in with it at once. They saw no other way of saving the schooner.

"What do you say, Luke?" the captain asked of his mate.

"I like it, and I say put it in operation as quickly as possible."

It was now late in the afternoon, and the brig, if she came at all, would be in very shortly—in less than half an hour. The three boats were pulled ashore as quickly as possible, and then a lot of tracks were hurriedly made over the narrow belt of sand. After this the men swam back to the schooner, and then the crew descended to the hold, where they hid themselves behind the water-casks and boxes. It happened very fortunately that there were plenty of good hiding-places, and ere long the men were so completely concealed that no one could have detected them without creeping over the casks and hunting carefully. Each man was armed with a good cutlass and a brace of pistols, but it was most earnestly enjoined upon them that they should not use the fire-arms save in a case where it was absolutely necessary to save a life.



This work had hardly been completed when the English brig hove in sight around the point. She went about and stood into the bay, and when within a cable's length of the schooner she hove-to, and lowered a boat. From her movements she seemed to suspect that the crew of the privateer had fled, as the boats were seen on the shore.

The Englishman's boat came alongside, and the schooner was hailed several times, but of course without an answer; and shortly afterwards an English lieutenant, followed by a dozen men, came over the side, and at the same moment Zeke Dodd came up from below rubbing his eyes, and yawning. He was in his shirt and drawers, and had apparently just got out of his hammock.

"Dod rot it to all thunderation!" he exclaimed, gazing stupidly around, "what'n the 'tarnation's tew pay naow? Where's Capting Buck? Who'n thunder be yew?"

"I'm an English officer, my fine fellow," the lieutenant returned. "And now where are your crew?"

"Wal—may I be everlastingly kerflumuxed ef here ain't a pooty fix!" exclaimed Zeke, in terror. "Why in thunder didn't they tell me what was a goin' on? Blast ther' ugly picturs, they cum an' gin me a shove, an' said as heow't they was agoin' off, but—the 'tarnation rot 'em—they never said a word 'baout a cussed Britisher's comin'! Mister officer, I ken swim ashore. Ef ye'll let me go I'll find the rest of aour crew, an' I'll bring 'em all back tew ye—I will, I swan to man, I will!"

"How'll you bring them?" the Englishman asked, with a grin.

"I'll tell 'em thar ain't no Britishers within forty mile o' the skewner. I will—I swan to gosh, I will!"

"But suppose we wouldn't let you go?"

"Why—yeou doant mean as heow't yew would take me a prisoner, Capting! Oh! yew won't!—I know yeou won't!"

"Never mind that now. How long have the crew been gone?"

"Not more'n fifteen minutes, Capting. By the jumpin' Jerewsalum, I'll bate I ken ketch 'em rite off. By thunder, Capting, jes' yeou let me go, an' I swar I'll fetch 'em back in less'n a harf'n hour! I will—I swar I will!"

The lieutenant turned to a passed-midshipman who had accompanied him, and held a short consultation, all of which Zeke overheard. The result of it was, that the crew of the privateer had fled, leaving this poor fellow asleep on board; and they also concluded that to follow the fugitives into the enemy's country would be madness.

They then went below, and at the end of ten minutes returned.

"How much powder have you on board?" the lieutenant asked of Zeke.

"By jingo! We've got the all-firedest lot yeou ever did see. Got jest eight ton!"

"And I suppose most of the small arms are gone?"

"Small arms?" repeated Zeke, stupidly.

"Yes—swords, and pistols, and muskets."

"O—ho—ah—yees, I understand. Yaas, Captain, rayther reckon them chaps did take a pooty good slat on 'em off."

"Never mind," said the officer, turning to his companion. "We've got a valuable prize in two senses. The schooner and her armament are valuable, and then we deprive the enemy of a powerful weapon. We must have a crew put on board, and run this craft right out. I'll go aboard and report, and you may remain, with one or two men, to look out for the prize and the prisoner."

"*Prisoner!*" cried Zeke, in terror. "Oh, Capting, yeou doant mean to keep me a prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Oh, yeou mustn't, Capting! I've got a wife, and six young 'uns! Polly Angeline 'll cry her eyes clean eout of her head ef ye carry me off! I wasn't a privateer, Capting—I swear I wasn't one on 'em! I was only a passenger, a-goin' to Pawdunk arter some stuff for Polly Angeline an' the galls' new dresses. Oh, Capting!—jest imaging my dear Polly Angeline a-cryin' her pooty eyes clean eout, acause her husband's took away! I shan't go! Yeou wont take me!"

But the lieutenant only laughed at the poor fellow's misery, and went away without giving him any answer.

In the course of some fifteen minutes, the lieutenant returned in a larger boat, and with him came twenty-five men. They rowed ashore, and got the privateer's boats, and having pulled alongside the schooner, they had them run up and properly stowed.

The officer had reported to the captain of the brig that the crew of the privateer, with the exception of "one poor *wretch*," who had been left behind asleep, had fled into the country. But the prize was a rich one, nevertheless. Accordingly twenty-five men were detailed to go with him, and he was instructed to run direct for St. Johns with the prize, the brig intending to lead the way, as she needed her men, and also wanted some slight repairs.

Poor Zeke was put in irons, despite his entreaties, and sail was soon made on the schooner—the anchor stowed—and her nose turned toward the ocean. It was very near sundown when the two vessels left the little bay.

All passed on very well for a few hours. At eight o'clock thirteen of the men were sent below to their hammocks, the remainder being on the first watch. At ten o'clock the brig was on the weather bow, a quarter of a mile distant, both vessels being very near close-hauled upon the larboard tack. The lieutenant stood by the binnacle, giving the helmsman some directions preparatory to retiring.

"Hallo! What's that?" he cried, starting back from the binnacle. "Who called the other watch at this time?"

But he soon found out that it wasn't "the other watch." Up from the berth-deck the dark forms of armed men came pouring in a steady stream, and ere the prize captain could comprehend what had happened, he was abruptly informed that he might surrender, or have his head taken off, just as he pleased.

What could he do? A mere handful of unarmed men against such a host! He very quickly decided upon the only thing left for him to do, and he did it—surrendered!

"I say, Capting," cried Zeke, coming up at this moment, "didn't I swear 'at I'd fetch 'em back to ye? Here they be, every one on 'em. Neow yeou ken jest take the 'tarnal Yankee crew, an' make mince-meat on 'em!"

But there was no time for bantering. Captain Buck had determined to turn the tables completely on the brig. He had the prisoners put in irons, and stowed away as quickly as possible, and then his crew were called aft.

"My men," he said, "*we must have that brig!*" She hasn't got more'n fifty men left, I'm sure, and half of them are turned-in and sound asleep. By the Yankee flag, she must be ours! She wanted us, and she thinks she's got us; but we'll astonish 'em! It'll be a glorious prize for the first essay of the *Fair Sister!*"

The men were in extacies. But how could they get alongside without exciting suspicion?

"I'll show you," returned Buck: "Lay aloft, and unfurl the foretops'l and top-gallants'l."

In a short time the sails were set, and the schooner began to overhaul the brig rapidly.

"Brig a-hoy!" shouted Buck, through his trumpet, as he came within hailing distance.

There was no moon, but the heavens were clear, and the stars bright.

"Hallo!" returned the officer of the watch on board the Englishman.

"Heave-to, quick! There's mutiny aboard! Some of the men want to take the schooner and make a pirate of her! I've got e'm in irons!"

This had the desired effect. The Englishman did not fully understand what was said, but he seemed to realize that there was trouble, for the boatswain's call of "*all hands*" was heard, and her main-topsail was laid to the mast.

The schooner, instead of coming to, as the Englishman had seemed to expect, ran directly by the board, and threw her grapplings into the main rigging; and in a few moments more Alanson Buck, followed by his men in a thickly pouring crowd, with bright cutlasses gleaming in the starlight, leaped on board the brig.

"Surrender!" the Yankee captain thundered.

"To whom?" gasped the British commander, who had just come on deck in his shirt and drawers.

"To the Yankee Privateer, *Fair Sister!*" returned Buck. "And you won't have long to consider!"

But before the Englishman could answer a fight commenced at the gangway, some of the watch on deck having armed themselves with boarding-pikes, and attempted to drive the Yankees off. But they had not consulted the cost. They were driven back in a very short time, and several of them cut down.

"You had better speak pretty soon if you want to save your life," said Buck, "for my men are armed to the teeth, and if they draw their pistols there won't be many left to tell who took 'em!"

The English commander saw plainly how he was situated, and he knew that he could do nothing at resistance. His men were unarmed, and opposed by an equal number of stout, full-armed, bold men.

"I surrender!" he said, with pain and mortification. "But tell me, he added, "how did you get the schooner?"

"Oho," answered Buck, laughing, "we happened to be below taking a snooze when your men come aboard. It was kind o' light on the berth-deck, so we went into the hold; and when we come on deck at ten o'clock, may I be blessed if we didn't find our schooner at sea and some of your men in charge. I thought 'twas a pity to separate such a good crew as yours seemed to be, so I just made sail, and have come to put ye altogether once more."

The Englishman understood it all, and though it galled him bitterly to be thus taken by a paltry Yankee schooner, yet he kept his tongue to himself, and submitted without further remark.

The prisoners were secured; the crews arranged; and then the Yankee Privateer, *Fair Sister*, turned her head towards Portsmouth, where she arrived the next forenoon, amid the loud huzzas of the delighted people.

"Capting," said Zeke Dodd, as the English lieutenant, who had taken him prisoner and ironed him, went over the side, "ef yeou ever come to Pawdunk, yeou'll stop to our house, won't ye? Polly Angeline 'd be delighted to see ye."

However, it was many months ere Zeke saw Polly Angeline himself, for he sailed in the *Fair Sister*, and she followed up the career, thus nobly begun, by doing signal service for her country until the boon of Peace once more blessed the nation.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Lady.—Hold on to your stock and do not sell it at the present ruinously low rates. The bank you mention is undoubtedly sound, and will come out of the panic safe; although, of course, there is a possibility of its failing altogether. No institution is absolutely beyond the reach of overthrow.

Araminta.—Creosote will sometimes alleviate the pain of the toothache, but we know of no *certain* cure for it. We can supply you with the back numbers of the Ledger from September, 1856, at four cents a copy.

A Brooklyn Girl complains that she is persecuted by the addresses of a man whom she has repeatedly refused, and wants to know how she can rid herself of his annoying attentions. She should state the case to her father or brother, and let him attend to the pertinacious suitor.

Shakespeare.—We do *not* "wish to engage you to write compositions, mostly in prose and poetry, for the Ledger." Your compositions not included in the above description, and which therefore are neither prose nor poetry, we must also decline unread and unseen.

Charles.—You should always obey your teachers with alacrity. By so doing you will gain their good-will, and obtain more privileges from them as favors, than you can ever secure by truancy and trickery.

Inquirer.—You are unquestionably right. There is no doubt but a woman who is capable of seeking the attentions of one man, while she is engaged to another, ought to lose both.

Tramping Journeyman.—We suppose a journeyman hatter could get work in New York or anywhere else without much difficulty. Your fellow-hatters would o. course take your case in hand.

Godfrey Jones has been paying his addresses to a young woman for upwards of five years, and at one time passionately loved her, for she had beautiful features, and a charming figure. About two years ago he removed to a distant part of the country, and during the whole of that period never saw his sweetheart. Upon his return, panting with love and the most tender solicitude, he found the lady of his heart strangely metamorphosed. The graces seemed to have deserted her, for instead of the gentle, swanlike deportment of the fascinating girl he had left behind him, he found the stride and sturdy tone and manner of the other sex, and to add to his horror, a most unequivocal moustache! From that moment his love cooled, but as the affection of the girl is apparently as warm as ever, he considers himself in a "fix," and solicits our advice. The change is certainly to be deplored, but our correspondent is bound in honor to fulfil his engagement, or abide the consequences. Many women are annoyed with hair on their upper lip, but we never knew that it ever caused them to be less sweet-tempered or amiable in their dispositions. Besides, there are razors and depilatories in the world, and if a girl has a virtuous and loving heart, we don't see why Godfrey Jones should be so squeamish. Take her, Godfrey, and, like Touchstone, thank the gods for your happy bargain.

Helen S.—One of the best metaphorical pictures of contentment we ever saw is the following:

By a road-side so cold and hard,
With scarce a single touch of sward,
Where Sol's soft rays were faint and few,
Where never fell refreshing dew,
Where flowers seldom sprung,
Where sweet birds never, never sung,—
There, 'midst its darkness and its gloom,
I saw a little daisy bloom;
It was so modest and so sweet,
For paradise's garden meet;
'Twas like a smile from Heaven shed,
To cheer with hope the heartless dead;
For while all else was dark and sad,
There grew the daisy bright and glad;
While all around was cold and drear,
There lived the daisy warm and fair,
I asked it what, amid such blight,
Could make it blow with such delight,
And as I, list'ning, o'er it bent,
It breathed the magic word—"Content!"

Wild Knight.—We are not able to imagine any attractive qualities in a bear, and we think that a person who is capable of a "strong attachment" for Bruin, must be considerable of a bear himself. To our thinking, all carnivorous wild beasts are unmitigated nuisances, and should be exterminated as fast as possible. Menageries are very good things, when they don't stay too long in a place. What the old hunter told you about the black bear's dancing is, according to the best authorities, true. It is said that they actually gather in parties of a dozen or so, in the recesses of the forest, and there enjoy a "hop" of the most primitive kind; and we have no doubt that a bevy of Saratoga belles would be most heartily welcomed by them, on such (or any other) occasion.

Indecision.—Don't marry him. A young man who has been brought up in luxurious idleness, by parents of limited means, should be shunned maritally by all girls who value not only happiness but even ordinary peace and comfort. Such a man is sure to be selfish and tyrannical; his parents not being able to support his family or leave him a competency, his family will, of course, be reduced to severe straits, which he will be wholly incompetent to extricate them from; his luxurious habits he will not, nay, he cannot, get rid of, and hence will speedily come discontent; and it is an old adage, that when Discontent stalks into a home, Love flies out of it. Therefore, avoid all such men as you would pestilence and death.

Disheartened.—Why are you disheartened? Suppose the "young lady" did refuse you positively! With us, such an event would of course settle the matter, as we don't believe in "asking twice" in such cases; but as you are still as anxious as ever "to win this glorious creature, and would be quite glad to marry her after a dozen refusals," we say go ahead and pop the question in a dozen different forms, and you will stand a chance of receiving an affirmative reply to some one of them. The girl probably knows what a lovesick simpleton you are, and refused you for the pleasure of prolonging the game.

Silvia is in love with a young man who never even hints at her attachment being reciprocated, yet is jealous of her when others pay her attention, or affects a partiality for some other young lady, to her great annoyance. Silvia must wait patiently until the young gentleman chooses to make a declaration, or she will drive him away altogether. In the meantime, to bring him either to his senses or an avowal, let her avoid his society, and assume an indifference towards him. Nothing piques a man more than the appearance of scorn or contempt for him in a woman—it brings him down to his proper level.

Ignoramus.—No one can properly define the difference between love and friendship, but those who have bountifully entertained both sentiments. Love is less generous than friendship, and the highest type of the latter may be found in the bond between "Hamlet and Horatio." Friendship, as well as love, is avaricious; but friendship desires confidence, love enjoyment and monopoly. Both, to some extent, are selfish; but love indulges that craving to excess. An explanation of the distinction might be given by referring love to the heart, friendship to the mind.

Seminary Girls.—Such conduct will never do, young ladies. It may seem very funny to your inexperienced and not over-refined natures, but if you are not very careful you will attach a suspicion—and with many it will be a conviction—to your reputations which will annoy and distress you through life. It is always unsafe, and therefore improper, for a young lady to depart from the strict line of maidenly reserve and good-breeding in her conduct.

S. W. C.—It would cost you about seventy-five cents to get fifty-two numbers of the Ledger bound in a durable manner, and you could get a hundred numbers bound for about the same sum. We can supply the back numbers from June 7th, 1856, at four cents a copy.

Dubious.—If you *have* "actually made up your mind to commit suicide," why do you come to us for advice? You are probably a vain-boasting weakling, and want to be petted, and coaxed not to make away with yourself, but we shall not perform those services for you.

A Constant Reader wishes to know if corset-making would probably be a good business in California. As female vanity is quite as strong on the Pacific as on the Atlantic coast, we unhesitatingly answer, yes.

Cordelia wishes to understand the science of phrenology, in order that she may study her own character. In the latter respect, a very laudable aspiration, and one that she may gratify by purchasing some elaborate treatise on the subject. No doubt the leading features of phrenology are correctly given, but when details are attempted, the student becomes involved in a labyrinth from which extrication is a matter of extreme difficulty. Besides, we do not think the doctrine adapted to the mental calibre of women. Their perceptive faculties are greater than man's, but their reflective ones vastly inferior in power, and to grasp at and understand the fundamental truths of any doctrine requires great efforts on the part of the latter organs. Phrenology is an abstruse science, intimately associated with, and regulated by, a temperament and constitutional tendency, and a sound knowledge of it can never be obtained without a laborious examination of the latter phenomena. Our advice to our fair enthusiast is, to study and cultivate the emotions of her own warm heart, and she will find in time, that, without any effort on her part, people will be induced to make her the mirror by which they will dress themselves. The gentler pursuits and duties of life belong more to woman than to man; and it ought to be her consolation and pride that the sterner ones have been left for the greater physical and intellectual ability of the beings whom she most adores on earth.

Estelle L'Orient, when on a visit to Boston some three years ago, met a gentleman several times, "whose image she has since never been able to banish from her heart." She is now twenty-four, and her friends are anxious that she should marry. In fact, her father has selected a husband for her, whom "she cannot bear the sight of." She still fondly clings to the hope that she and the Boston gentleman are destined again to meet, and marry, although she has not heard a word from him since she last saw him in that city, some three years ago. In this exigency she appeals to us. We should of course advise her not to marry "a man she cannot bear the sight of," no matter who has been so kind as to make the selection for her. On the other hand, to continue single simply for the chance of meeting and captivating that Boston gentleman, who, in the natural course of things, is probably married by this time, and who never gave any sign of loving her, is sheer folly. You should at once seek, and persevere in seeking, to forget the object of your foolish attachment, or you will soon find yourself on the declining slope of existence, with only a vain creature of the imagination for your companion. After twenty-four, the years roll round with great and ever-accelerating velocity.

A Cincinnati Girl has sent us a pathetic appeal to our gallantry. She is eighteen years of age, but has not yet had a lover. She thinks this calamity must be attributable to her not understanding French, music or drawing. Nothing of the kind; for if, as she informs us, she can knit and darn stockings, mend and make all sorts of clothes, scour, clean and bake, and is skillful in managing a house, there must be some other cause for this neglect of her by the young men of Cincinnati, and she explains it herself: she says she is sadly deficient in patience, but always tries to be merry and good-humored. Leave off trying, and be really merry-hearted without an effort. Also learn this, that the girl who shakes her ringlets at the young men is the last to get a beau. Men like to be the wooers—there is a delicious excitement in the pleasure—and they will only yield up the sovereign right upon compulsion. So you had better cultivate your domestic accomplishments, dress tastefully, be neat about the feet and ankles, and not neglectful of woman's splendid ornament, her hair, and depend upon it, Nature will not forget you in her disposal of the hands and hearts of her favored sons.

Angelica wishes to know what is meant by the term "intellectual forehead," and which is considered the prettiest for a woman. Mental power is associated with a broad high forehead, and massive brows, but as far as actual value is concerned, quality as well as quantity must be taken into consideration. A well-balanced head—that is, where there are no excessive preponderances of one set of organs over others—is considered as the best, and the one more adapted to the exigences of life. The majority of women have this peculiar form of head, and happy for themselves and society that it is so, because it creates a high moral tone, and imparts a contentment and sweetness to the character. As to the prettiest form of head for a woman, taste varies with artists; the low-browed Greek conformation is the favorite; but in this country, where the women are more richly endowed, a happy medium between the low standard assigned to the female forehead by the ancients, and the commanding one possessed by the men is preferred.

Syracuse.—We have but little faith in what is called first love, for the early yearnings of the heart are but mere partialities, liable to be effaced by those stronger emotions which arise as age increases. Romeo's first boyish love vanished immediately after he had seen Juliet, and upon his informing the good old Friar Lawrence of his new passion, the latter naively exclaims:—

"Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes."

And as we quite agree with this explanation, we beg to say that boys would do well, before they teazed other people with their sentimental nonsense, to ask themselves whether they might not be more profitably engaged.

Johnson.—The Epicurean system was arranged in a triplicate division of parts—the canonical, the physical, and the ethical. The canonical included the rules by which the judgment was to be guided, the senses and passions being constituted the sovereign arbiters of our conceptions and reasonings. The physical deduces all material existence from the conjunction of atoms, minute substances indivisible and eternal in their nature, and furnishing to perpetuity the varieties of being, and sustaining, preserving and renovating the boundless regions of creation. The ethical treats of the moral law, or the immutable canons establishing the boundaries of right and wrong. The founder strongly advocated virtue, and placed the supreme good in pleasure unattended by evil or pain.

M. A. Watson.—To dye woolen cloth red, put three gallons of sea-water into a pot or boiler, with one pound of alum; when it boils put in the cloth, and let it boil fifteen minutes; take it out and wash it well in clear sea-water; then empty your boiler, and put in three gallons of clear, cold, fresh water, and one pound of madder-root, ground; let it boil, put in your cloth, and boil it twenty or twenty-five minutes, then take it out, and drain it till cold; after this, put it into four gallons of stale wine, and let it soak for half an hour. Lastly, rinse the cloth in clean, cold, fresh water, hang it up in the air to dry, and the operation is completed.

Adaline informs us that she is teazed by a suitor, whom, so far from preferring to the sacred office of lover, she would not like as a friend. How shall she get rid of him? By openly smiling upon an acknowledged swain, or making the persevering unlucky one look more ridiculous than he does at present. A few hours' satirical bantering of a mawkish, spiritless lover is not a very dull employment for a lively girl. If men will be stupid, women have a right to be waspish. If this should fail, let Adaline apply to her friends for protection.

Madame S.—You should of course keep a close watch upon your servants, or they will waste extravagantly, and soon bring your house into a most disorderly condition. What they tell you about "the customs of America," &c., is all nonsense. It is the custom in America to make servants know their place and do their duty, the same as it is in all enlightened countries. You must curb every manifestation of impudence on their part, or that quality will speedily attain in them the most stupendous proportions.

One Who is Anxious to Know.—Your "worst fears" are certainly well founded, for it is unmistakeably the fact that, in this State, every stockholder in incorporated institutions, banks of course included, is liable for the debts of the corporation to an amount equalling that of the par value of his or her stock, in case the corporation fails. In such a case the stockholder loses not only the amount of his stock, but is taxed an equal amount, *in addition*, if such tax be necessary to pay off the liabilities of the concern.

Miss E. J. W.—We are not versed in such matters, but an old book of receipes gives the following for cleaning black satin, namely:—In a quart of water boil three pounds of potatoes to a pulp. Strain the water through a sieve, and brush the satin with it upon a board or table. The material is not to be wrung, but folded down in cloths for three hours, and then ironed on the wrong side. We cannot vouch for the efficacy of this receipe, but the "old book" highly commends it.

A Young Man, who has been paying his addresses to a young lady for several months, wishes now to desert her, and wants to know how he can do it *honorably!* We must decline counseling such a selfish and dishonorable person. We would rather, like Emilia,

———"Place in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal naked through the world."

L. B. M.—It is not necessary to have your will recorded or deposited with the surrogate. Such a step is only taken as a precaution, when the party making a will is going far away, and may never return, or some other course is contemplated, or event feared, which calls for unusual means of safety. Your will must be attested by two witnesses.

Shipjoiner.—It seems to us that you should eat more substantial and nutritious food, and quit your beer and brandy, especially the latter. Your case is one of too much importance, however, to treat empirically: it demands the attention of a thorough-bred physician.

X. X. X.—We employ no traveling agents or canvassers to get subscribers for the Ledger. The man who pretended to have "a commission from the Ledger office" was an impostor. We issue no commissions here to anybody.

William B.—Yes. Songs can be copyrighted by their authors.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*